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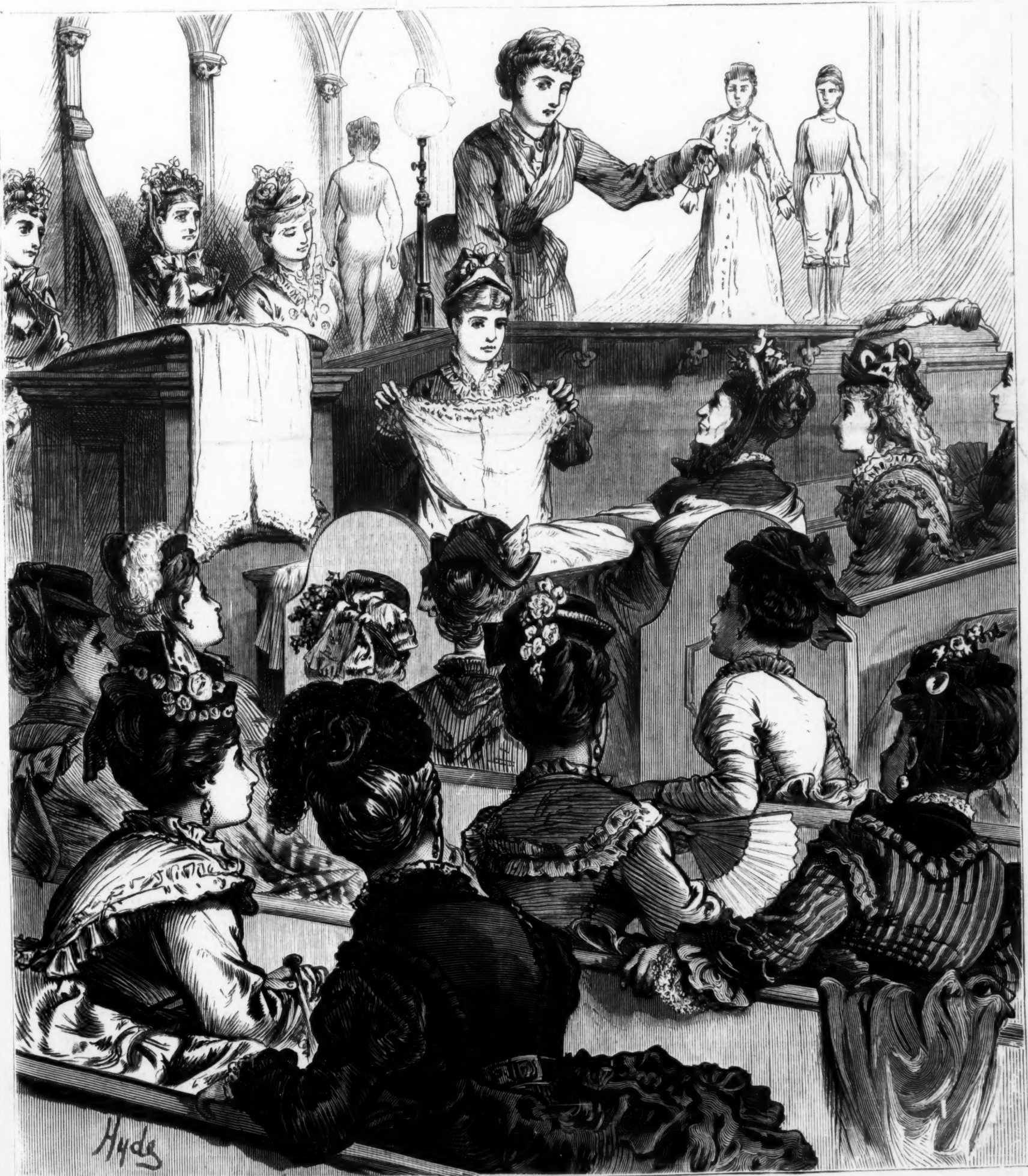
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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FRANK LESLIE'S  
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## SAW-LOG STATESMEN.

THE Senate of the United States has become a body of singular mediocrity. The same thing, to the same extent, cannot be said of the House of Representatives. In the Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, the House, as a whole, was as strong as at any preceding period in the history of the Republic. That the Senate is unable to maintain the same relative position is not owing to any lack of the material out of which statesmen are made, but is due to the peculiar element which has become dominant in State legislation. In the South the carpetbaggers and the negroes have controlled State affairs. It is not surprising, therefore, that many Southern Senators should be undignified and unworthy members of an august body. At least one of these accomplished statesmen is the rival of all his brother bartenders in the country in keeping a julep poised between two glasses. Another entered the Senate with no other knowledge except that acquired in the siring of colts. These were not "ignorant negroes," but white men, and one of them belongs to an old Virginian family. The Democrats in the South, when they have had the choice of the United States Senators since the war, have done little better than the Republicans. There is not one really able Southern Senator in Congress, though General Gordon, and one or two others, give excellent promise. The West and Northwest are nearly as badly off. Tipton is the rival of Flanagan. Ferry is as wild in his theories as Clayton is unscrupulous in his votes in Congress and in his machinations in his own State. Pratt of Indiana is as useless as Gilbert of Florida. And the North, too, has shown great inaptitude in the choice of Senators. Who is Wadleigh, or Scott, or Washburn, the successor of Sumner? There, too, is Sprague, who never made a speech but once, and that of doubtful sanity. Conkling, it is true, is a very able man, and Morton a tactician of recognized ability, and Carpenter an eloquent and independent champion of whatever measures he espouses, and Schurz the peer of any of them in eloquence or argument or courage. Anthony is a man in whom we are always confident. Jones of Nevada has shown himself to be brilliant, and Sargent one of the strongest debaters and most consistent politicians we have had. But what can a few able men accomplish among a Senate full of Spragues and Dorseys and Gilberts? What hope is there for higher statesmanship when the small politicians in most of the States choose one of themselves to represent the State in the Senate? Not only do the little men pull down their more aspiring colleagues, but the constant additions of small politicians make the future of the Senate dark and hopeless. If Schurz is beaten in Missouri, his successor will be a Bogy. If Carpenter is beaten in Wisconsin, he will be succeeded by some nobody. There is no remedy at hand for this disease so fatal to true statesmanship, and it is feared it will have to be endured for years, or until it works its own cure.

While the House is better off than the Senate, the House, too, shows symptoms of the same disease. Nobody could divine why Kerr, the strongest man in the last Congress, was dropped by the Democrats of his district. It was partly because the Democracy had departed from its traditions on the questions of finance and free trade, and partly because there were smaller politicians waiting for his place. The small politicians are the bane of Congress. It is not hay-seed that abounds in the House, but country lawyers who know no law, and rural bankers who are ignorant of banking. Mr. Beck is to day one of the most intelligent members of the House, yet Mr. Beck is unable to grapple with great financial measures. The Committee of Ways and Means and the Committee on Banking and Currency have each but one member who is fitted to perform the duties of his position. This is the reason the currency and the Treasury are left hopelessly floundering in a sea of uncertainty. The store-box and saw-log politicians have undertaken the duties of statesmen, and it is not to be wondered at they can accomplish nothing. It was by talking fervid nonsense in barrooms and country stores that they got to Congress, but there they find it is impossible to frame laws without knowledge, or to understand laws already framed without having learned to think. Most of our Congressmen are incapable of thought. Sitting on the top of a store-box or astride a saw-log is no education for a Congressional career. Yet such is practically the only training most of our statesmen have received.

Our readers will understand, from all that we have said, that this is a plea for a better class of Congressmen. What we need is a higher class of statesmanship. We have already had too many small politicians in both houses of Congress. Now let the people give us better men—men capable of grappling with the important questions which require adjustment. The elections for the Forty-fourth Congress take place this year. Each district should send only its best man—not its leading politician, but whoever can deal most intelligently with finance and revenue—whichever best understands the needs of the country in its financial and commercial aspects. It is vain to hope that Congress will do anything for the country unless Congressmen know what to do, and are honest enough to do it.

## GRANT AND JONES ON MONEY.

THIS journal recently published the information that President Grant and Senator Jones were in accord on the financial question. The strong and brilliant argument of the Nevada statesman in reply to Senator Morton had its just influence upon the mind of the President. Some of this influence may be ascribed to the personal magnetism of a man of whom so many romantic stories are told, and who has the reputation among his fellow Senators of being "a brick." The President is known to be naturally attracted towards men whom he calls "good fellows." But, in the main, it was not the romanticism, but the splendid speech, of "Jones of Nevada" which led to the correspondence between Grant and Jones which has just been made public.

The President, who is usually reticent, had expressed his financial opinions to Senator Jones, and the latter requested that those opinions be published. The President complied; and the Senator gave to the Associated Press the memoranda. The President announces his policy to be that of returning to a specie basis at an early day. He wisely sees that the present time, when speculation is not rife, affords facilities for the execution of his policy. He suggests that after, say July 1st, 1875, the legal-tender clause shall cease to operate, and that contracts effected after that date be estimated in coin. After the date of resumption prices would accommodate themselves to a gold basis.

The President also recommends that after, say July 1st, 1876, the Treasury of the United States shall redeem its currency in coin. This policy would tend to raise the value of currency to a par with gold, and would relieve some of the embarrassments attending the adoption of the first suggestion. Bills of five dollars denomination, it is argued, would be redeemed during the first year of resumption, and after two years only bills standing for ten dollars would be in existence. The President's idea is that small coin, used in everyday transactions, would remain in the country. He seems to agree with Senator Jones's famous reply to Morton concerning the use of paper in the war, when he says that he doubts whether it would have been found necessary to depart from the standard of specie in the trying days which gave birth to the first legal-tender act, had the financial policy of the country, as early as 1850, been to issue no small bills. If it be true that the prevalence of small paper bills during the ten years previous to the war, and the consequent lack of use of coin, occasioned a necessity for the issue of the legal-tenders, the President has touched the vital point of our financial history. And this idea also explains Secretary Richardson's attempt to redeem currency in sums of five dollars and less. But Thurlow Weed writes a letter to the *Tribune*, in which he says that the State of New York once tried the experiment of excluding from circulation all notes of a lower denomination than five dollars, and that the result was unsatisfactory and inconvenient in a business sense, and destructive of the supremacy of the Democratic Party in the State and in the Union.

For purposes of redemption, the President would obtain coin by the issue of gold bonds; but he would reduce the necessity for bonds by providing an excess of revenue over current expenditures, using the excess for paying off the general debt, with its interest. This plan, he says, would necessitate rigid economy in government, and a careful readjustment of taxation. This taxation, after the date of redemption, would necessarily be paid in coin or United States notes. The national banks would naturally be compelled to follow the Government policy, and free-banking would be a legitimate effect. These views are likely to have great influence upon the country and upon the formation of political parties. That the President should issue them, at all, signifies his wish to have the country return to specie payments before the expiration of his term. It is probable that he considers such a consummation the completion of that cycle which began with the fire on Sumter, and will end on the 4th of March, 1877. The political effect of the memoranda is almost sensational and startling. It is also profound. Speaker Blaine, remarkable for his reticence, speaks out in meeting, and calls the President's scheme, "wild"; and there is a saying in Congress, "I do not feel at liberty to say what I would do about finance until I have consulted Jones." Nesmith, of Oregon, a Democrat, and an eccentric wit, says that

Grant has killed Blaine's chances for the Presidency. There are strong politicians who liken the coming power of Senator Jones to that of Mazarin, and who say that as he cannot be the President he will be the leading statesman of the land. When Senator Jones first spoke on finance, we were of the first to indorse him, and now that the President issues the same opinions that were contained in the Nevada statesman's speech, we have only to add that, aside from their immediate political importance, they command the platform of the intelligent party of 1876.

## MR. DAWES.

MR. HENRY L. DAWES, member of the House of Representatives from the Eleventh District of Massachusetts, is certainly not a great man, nor even a brilliant man; but he is, nevertheless, a man of more note than any other in the House, with the single exception of Mr. Butler. As Butler is in no way a rival of Mr. Dawes, as his most remarkable qualities are in direct contrast to those of his colleague, as he is very bad where Mr. Dawes is moderately good and is nowhere very good, we may exclude him from the comparison by saying that Mr. Dawes is the most noteworthy honest man in the House. That he is honest, as the world goes, we have no doubt. He certainly is not calculated to stimulate the love of absolute purity in the breast of young politicians; his standard is not, and never will be, higher than that of the average run of respectable men in politics; he is not incapable of small temptations, and he will never be guilty of a splendid act of devotion to the principles of honesty and justice; yet, on the whole, his influence is directed, and intentionally directed, towards the promotion of virtue in public life. There is no man in politics, on the Republican side, of whom it could more truly be said, should he drop away to-morrow, that the country could have better spared a better man.

We sometimes grow very impatient with Mr. Dawes. He strikes us, to use a somewhat stale comparison, as does the oyster-plant, which always seems about to taste like an oyster, but which never does. There have been occasions when it seemed impossible that he was not about to do acts of genuine political heroism, and to assert by inherent right of commanding courage and nobility the leadership which he now enjoys by the good-natured concession of a half-obedient House. We believe Mr. Dawes has the fibre of such a hero in him. We are confident that he is capable of the self-denial and of the cool indifference to personal consequences which heroism requires; and if we were required to say what he lacks, we should be at a loss for an accurate answer; but we should not hesitate in saying that there is an irremediable lack, nevertheless.

Perhaps the explanation most likely to be correct is, that Mr. Dawes cannot see the requirements of the hour. He has a judicial mind, in which are combined impartiality, shrewdness, a certain keen foresight for commonplace events, and a very sincere but moderate attachment to high principles. Yet there is no instinctive perception of the moral possibilities of a great people; there is no active sympathy with the longing for a pure Government, and the disgust for the stale and stinking notions of expediency that have taken the place of integrity and fidelity at Washington; and there is none of the constructive power of a statesman which would frame a system of measures that Congress would ultimately be compelled to adopt, and that would determine the issues of the immediate future. Mr. Dawes believes himself a reformer. He is one, in a certain sense. Give him time enough, and no adverse events, and he would reform the entire Government. But he would reform it by piecemeal, beginning at one end and going slowly to the other; and by the time he got through, the work he did at the beginning would have to be all done over again. As the country cannot spare a quarter of a century to Mr. Dawes, and as he himself is likely to be swamped by the advancing tide of political changes in a much shorter time than that, the reforms with which his name is connected will not be great or enduring. Mr. Dawes sometimes seems conscious of this fact himself, and makes what horsemen would call "spurts," in the vain attempt to catch up with the enormous task before him. These are pretty sure to occur every session, or, at least, every second session of Congress. We confess that they awaken in our mind only the saddest feelings. We cannot deny the excellence of the motive which inspires them, but we are always sure that they will leave Mr. Dawes exhausted, and that the remainder of the session will see him scratching away as busily and helplessly as ever at the surface of the gnat field into which his spasmodic "gnat" speeches plunge him. A case in point was the speech made on Mr. Richardson's demand for more revenue, at the opening of the session. "No!" thundered the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; "you shall have no more taxation. You must spend less. There are leaks innumerable in the Treasury. Stop them before you ask us to give you more means. The Republican Party, too," he added, turning to his fellow-members, "is responsible for this state of things. It must be stopped."

This was one of the occasions when it was

reasonable to suppose Mr. Dawes was about to be heroic. Everything depended on what he said as to how the evil courses were to be checked. But what he said showed that he never would or could be really heroic. He proposed that the party should spend less on public buildings and less on the river and harbor improvements; and there he stopped. He ignored absolutely the gigantic evils of the Civil Service. He overlooked the imbecile Secretary of the Treasury signing away the taxpayers' millions with the pitiless indifference of an automaton. He could not see the reckless disregard of law that was proven by the Syndicate and the "Reserve." Especially he could not, or would not, see the working of that sure and subtle poison of "patronage" which is paralyzing the moral sense of Republican politicians, and consuming all the healthy energies of the party. It was as if an adviser of Caesar had sought to turn him from his ruinous course of "*perem et circenses*" by urging him to bribe the people with cheaper bread and fewer gladiators.

We wish Mr. Dawes were different, for there is a great opportunity for a great man in public life at this moment. We wish he did not shine solely through the dim and muddy obscurity of his companions. We wish we could positively respect and admire him, instead of congratulating the country that he is not so bad as a moderately successful politician of the day might very easily be. As this cannot be, we can only await in patience the coming man.

## FATE OF THE MARSHALATE.

MARSHAL MACMAHON has once more a Ministry. The late Cabinet of the Duc de Broglie was defeated in the Assembly upon the question of the establishment of an upper house of the Legislature, and it was impossible, in view of the numerous parties into which the Assembly is divided, for any Ministry arriving at a definite party policy to come into power. The new Ministry represents nothing. It is provisional; just as the Assembly is a provisional Government, and Marshal MacMahon a provisional Executive. France is living from day to day with the one object of postponing as long as possible the time of deciding upon a definite and permanent Government. But that time must come at last, and the indications are that it is nearer at hand than we have latterly supposed.

The present political state of France is satisfactory to no one except the office-holders. Even the timid citizens who cling to it as a protection from the perils of change have no personal liking for a Government that is nothing more than a police organization charged with the preservation of order. It is a Government that lacks the sanction of legality. The Assembly, which is the supreme power, and which has created the Marshalate, is a body elected for the one purpose of making peace with Germany, and which usurped the power which it now holds. It has no right to remain in existence and to legislate for France; but it is submitted to simply because its dissolution would be the signal for a bitter strife for mastery between the Republicans and the Monarchists. Confessedly the rule of MacMahon is more arbitrary and more visibly tyrannical than that of the late Emperor. The name of the Republic cannot blind the intelligent Republicans of France to the fact that the Marshalate is merely a military dictatorship without a single Republican feature. The Monarchists, of whatever party, regard MacMahon simply as a makeshift, who is preferable to a democratic Republic, and may smooth the way to the return of a Bourbon or a Bonaparte. And the priesthood hates the Government which either can not or will not assist in sustaining the political fortunes of Catholicism in Italy and Germany.

The fear of the moneyed men of France, that a change in the Government may imperil their property, permits the existence of the Marshalate, while the loyalty of the army gives it power to act. Take away the army, and MacMahon could not hold his seat for twenty-four hours. At present the army acquiesces in the rule of one of its Marshals. The soldiers, however, will not long remain contented with a Government which gives them nothing but drill. And the envy of the officers, who are not especially pleased to be ruled by a Dictator who but a few months since was nothing more than one of the thousands of officers of the French army, will grow, and that at no very slow rate, into an active hostility to the uncrowned emperor.

In what way will the change of Government come? Not, most certainly, by an insurrection; for all parties—save the one in open revolt—would unite with the Marshal in putting down an armed rebellion in the interest of any one of them. Neither will the dissolution of the present Assembly, as a body, be the prelude to the change. The Assembly will not dissolve, because men who have usurped power for three years have no possible inducement for laying it down. The overthrow of MacMahon will proceed from a conspiracy in the present Assembly, and the manner of that conspiracy is already foreshadowed.

The Legitimists are clearly out of the field, in consequence of the obstinacy of the Count de Chambord in refusing to compromise in the slightest degree with the spirit of the age. The Orleanists, having yielded their claims in favor



of the elder Bourbons, no longer exist as a separate party. There remain, then, only the Republicans and the Bonapartists. The latter are gathering strength day by day. The memory of the faults of the Empire has well-nigh been obliterated by the atrocities of the radical Republicans of the Commune and the cowardly abrogation of Republican principles on the part of those moderate Republicans who aided in placing the Government in the hands of MacMahon. The Empire, if restored in the person of Napoleon IV.—a young man with the prospect of a long life before him—would possess a promise of permanence which the Monarchy so utterly lacks. With these passive reasons for the spread of Bonapartist principles is joined a renewed and united activity on the part of all the Imperialists. Prince Napoleon has reconciled himself with the Empress and her son, and is about to propose himself as a candidate for the Assembly. All over France the most energetic efforts are making to return Imperialists to vacant seats in the Assembly, and with marked success. By degrees the Bonapartists will be, though not the majority, the real controlling power in the Assembly. For with the prospect of rescuing France by their means from the Republic in any shape, the Monarchists in the Assembly will support them in all attacks upon the Republicans. The vast power of the priesthood will hereafter be brought to aid the Imperialists; for, inasmuch as a Legitimist Monarchy is no longer possible, the priesthood will greatly prefer Napoleon IV. to Thiers or Gambetta. Now let us suppose that, aided by the other Monarchists, the partisans of the Empire succeed in constituting a new Ministry in which they have the virtual power. A *coup d'état*, organized by a French Cabinet, would be far more dangerous to MacMahon than an insurrection in the streets, or the immediate election of a new Assembly could be. It would only be necessary for the Minister of War to secure the support of the army, to insure the success of the conspiracy. This once done, and the actual executive power seized by the conspirators, they could forcibly dissolve the Assembly, and procure the election of a new one that would immediately vote the revival of the Empire.

Such is the probable issue of the present situation in France. The overthrow of MacMahon may be postponed a year, or even ten years, but it is inevitable. And his overthrow, which can hardly be brought about in any other way than by a conspiracy in the Assembly, can be followed by nothing else than a return to the form of government under which France became the leading power in Europe, and held that position for nearly twenty years.

#### EDITORIAL TOPICS.

THE CZAR'S UNIFORM is green and gold.

THE ST. LOUIS *GLOBE* calls Henri Rochefort "the little hammer."

"WHICHEVER PARTY first attacks now, will whip."—U. S. Grant, at Fort Donelson.

THE EIDER CANAL, which connects the Baltic and the North Seas, is to be widened, so as to admit of the passage of large vessels.

BEAUMARCHAIS, anticipating Richardson, said, in "The Barber of Seville": "An accountant was the person wanted, but a dancer got the place."

THE REPUBLICANS in the Senate are making a party slogan of national transportation, and the Democrats of the East are consistently opposing it on constitutional grounds.

ITALIANS are leaving their native land in considerable numbers for South America. The *Gazzetta di Genova* states that 5,944 persons left Genoa for Buenos Ayres in the first quarter of 1874.

WHEN A MAN, in the masculine game of croquet, splits on his two hands, takes his mallet in both, and looks around for a poor little two-ounce ball, we wonder why he was not born a girl-baby.

A PRUSSIAN TEXT-BOOK on Finance is to contain a chapter on that part of Hon. William Walter Phelps's speech in Congress which explains the origin of true currency, and makes the distinction between currency and money.

THE GUATEMALA GOVERNMENT has offered British Consul Magee fifty thousand dollars for the two hundred lashes he received from one of its officials, and Englishmen say that they cannot afford to sell for gold the right to insult the British flag.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is a ruler with liberal ideas, and he has once more conferred distinctions on Jewish officers in the French army. The gallant Marshal has appointed Major Abraham and Captain Cerf, Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor.

GOVERNOR BAXTER, OF ARKANSAS, is improving his victory by suspending many officials who are in sympathy with Elsha Brooks, and appointing in their places men who have been faithful to himself. The State is now fully in the hands of the white conservatives.

SWEDISH EMIGRATION is having its effect, the population of Sweden remaining nearly stationary. The statistics for 1873 are not printed, but it is shown that the population at the end of 1867, was 4,135,000; in 1869, only 4,158,000; 1870, 4,168,000; and 1872, again 4,250,000.

GENERAL BRISTOW'S appointment as Secretary of the Senate, by President Grant, meets the approbation of the country. Not one word has been raised against either the new Secretary's past record or his ability. He is, of course, in accord with the President's views on finance, which is all that the country requires. He cannot be expected to manage the Treasury so that the ordinary perils of

trade may be avoided, but no doubt he will be able to avoid the vacillating course pursued by Secretary Richardson.

"ALBANY."—Perhaps the work of J. Ross Rowden, on the "Resources of the Pacific Slope," contains the information you desire. It is a comprehensive work, and describes the mines and minerals of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. We believe it is published by Appleton, New York.

EX-SENATOR POMEROY, of Kansas, is likely to escape trial for bribery. Even his opponents are urging that his trial be abandoned. There are persons who say that on such a trial as would occur in his case, developments of a serious character would affect the reputations of many prominent politicians in Kansas.

HENRI ROCHFORD succumbed to the enterprise, and possibly to the money, of the *Herald*, and wrote for that journal a long letter about Paris and New Caledonia. At least the opinion that one has after reading the document is that he wrote about those subjects; but it is impossible to say exactly what he did write about.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & Co., publishers of the "American Newspaper Directory," have issued the following card: "The *Tribune* Association have satisfied us that the circulation of the daily *Tribune* has not been nearly so low as stated in the 'Directory' for this year since 1853, and that its circulation is more than 6,000 copies higher than it was one year ago, when it was estimated by us at 40,000 copies."

NEW YORK is destined to furnish the best means of objective education in the country. While it fails to afford that isolation and freedom from social temptations which youth demands, it is beginning to furnish means for learning much that provincial colleges cannot teach. No doubt, the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park will be the greatest institution of its kind in the country; and its usefulness will be increased by the nearness of the Lenox Library.

CONGRESSMAN JAMES B. BECK, of Kentucky, is an Inflationist, but we hope his State will be sensible enough to send him to the Senate, because in most matters he is a wise, and in all matters he is an honest, man. If, like Mr. Mitchell, he were not a Scotchman, he would be prominent as a candidate for a higher office than that of Senator. He is a lawyer by profession, a statesman by instinct, and a Democrat by association and training. We believe he made the first speech which ever convinced us that the Northern Pacific Railroad was a natural fraud.

COLONEL EMBERTON LEIGH proposes a new and reasonable plan for dealing with Englishmen who beat their wives. Instead of imprisoning them, and thus depriving their families of bread, he would have them punished with the lash. This is a barbarous method, but there is no other sensible way to treat barbarians. The old idea that confinement cures a man of his desire to be a brute is as well exploded as the one that hell is a place where a bad person gets punished by his thoughts. Some men could not think even in hell, and some men cannot have their brutal feelings changed even by imprisonment. By all means treat English barbarians as they deserve, just as Sir Garnet Wolseley treated the other Ashantees.

EX-CONGRESSMAN DEMAS BARNES, the druggist, recently started in Brooklyn an evening paper called the *Argus*, a bright piece of journalism, because it is edited by bright men. But the evil that besets the modern journalist who is compelled to carry out day after day the peculiar, ridiculous and unreasonable notions of a money-owner seems to be as great as that which characterized the patronized writers of Louis XIV. The *Argus* having said bitter things of Judge McCue, the latter sued Mr. Barnes, and said Mr. Barnes's avowed motive in starting the paper and attacking politicians was personal and political. Mr. Barnes backed water by apologizing to Judge McCue in open court. So that Mr. Barnes's peculiar mission seems gone. Well, the *Union* is the fairest and most reasonable paper in Brooklyn, after all.

SAN FRANCISCO, says the *Bulletin*, is progressing faster now than at any period during the past ten years. We are now daily beginning to catch a glimpse of what San Francisco is destined to become. Its metropolitan aspects have long since been most pronounced. These are not so much revealed in a varied population as in the development of certain tendencies. Every rich strike in twenty degrees of longitude makes an addition to the wealth of San Francisco. No one who has not mixed in the hard, unembellished life of the miner can have any conception of the intense longing of these men for the flowers and the perfumes of California, and the excitements and amusements of her metropolis. Many loose designations are occasionally met with, but the one that San Francisco is destined to become the Paris of America comes very near the truth.

MR. SWINBURNE'S tragedy of "Bothwell" has just been published. It begins with the murder of Rizzio, and ends with the flight of the Queen to England. The poet's delineation of the vacillating character of Darnley is said to be a fine piece of analysis. One of the most stirring scenes in the tragedy represents Darnley as apprehending the evil which was about to befall him, but without knowing when or how the blow would be struck. Mr. Swinburne follows Mr. Burton in assuming that Mary Stuart was a party to the murder of her husband, and that her subjection to Bothwell was a voluntary act on her part. Bothwell himself is made very rough and violent to his wife after he has once got her in his power. The tragedy is in five acts, but it contains innumerable scenes. It is the poet's intention to follow it up with another and last poem on Mary Stuart, the subject of which will be her exile and death.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT has been elected President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in place of J. Edgar Thompson, deceased. Colonel Scott has long been the executive officer of the company, and

it was surprising that the chances of any other person for the election to the presidency should have been thought of. He is acknowledged to be the most powerful railroad manager in the country, and is likely to be the first man to control a line of road from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Colonel Scott, according to his able friend, Colonel John W. Forney, was born at London, Franklin County, Pa., in 1824. He will be 50 years of age next December. He had only a common-school education, and early in life became a railway clerk. It was in 1850 that he was made general agent of the eastern division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In 1859 he became vice-president of that line. Colonel Scott was Assistant Secretary of War under Simon Cameron. Recently he declined the presidency of the Erie Railway.

THE SUBSTITUTE reported by Senator Windom from the Transportation Committee, for the House Bill to regulate commerce among the several States, provides that every line of railroad extending into and through two or more States, and employed in carrying freight between points in different States, or to or from any foreign country, whether owned or occupied by one or by several corporations or persons, shall keep posted in each of its stations and depots full classification of the freight, and its charges per mile, for every distance for which it receives freight for transportation, and rates so established and posted shall be the lawful rates it shall charge in every case except for Government transportation and for charitable purposes, so long as said schedules remain unchanged, and thirty days' notice must be given of any intended change of schedule rates. The Bill prohibits all discriminations in charges for like service performed for different shippers, or any discriminations in the delivery of freight, except according to the priority of shipment. It is also provided that the railroad company receiving freight for transportation over other roads in addition to its own line shall be responsible to the shipper for the safe delivery of the freight at its destination. Each violation of any of the foregoing provisions is to be punished by a fine of not less than \$500 nor more than \$5,000.

THE SECRETARY OF THE KANSAS STATE BOARD of Agriculture has just issued his circular, made up of reports of county societies to the first of May. He says the reports from the several counties show far less mortality among cattle than is indicated by the local Press of the State. While the condition is very low—about 11 per cent. below the average—the deaths from all causes have been only about 7 per cent. Yet even these figures give alarming results. Making the assessors' returns for 1873 the basis of calculation, the loss aggregates 44,381 head. The loss is mostly confined to Texas stock, and old, broken-down animals that went into Winter in poor condition, which very much reduced the value of the stock lost. It is estimated that \$500,000 will fully cover the losses from all causes to all kinds of stock, most of which is attributed to scarcity of hay and corn, neglect, exposure, and an unusually backward Spring. Prairie hay could have been put up in most parts of the State, which would have carried stock through the Winter without much loss. In some localities prairie hay was put up in excess of the local demand, thousands of tons of which were burned by destructive prairie fires last Fall, and the balance is now being baled and shipped. Dickinson County alone has shipped about 3,000 tons to St. Louis.

HOD-CARRIERS AND STAGE-DRIVERS cannot base their claims for a raise of wages on any grounds of trade. Almost any one can drive a stage or carry a hod, and where there is a greater number of people to perform a certain amount of work than is required to do it, the pay for that work must be small. A strike for wages under such circumstances must necessarily be unsuccessful. The privilege of striking belongs to every man who works with his hands; but the man who strikes may not forbid another man to work. The present demand for a raise of wages is based upon principles of humanity—principles for which trade has very little respect. Nor has the time come, if it ever can come, when men may claim pay for labor upon principles of humanity. Principles of trade rule the world. An amelioration of the condition of workmen must come about by natural laws which act gradually. The lines of progress in humanity and in trade are converging, like Von Moltke's battle movements; but they are converging through the growing intelligence of labor on one line and the necessities of capital on the other. There will one day be no division of capital and labor—that is, labor will earn, save and employ its own capital; but labor will never get capital by any other process than that of earning, saving and employing. Not until the necessity of the laborer is the necessity of the capitalist can there be any union. To-day the capitalist yields only so far as the necessities of his condition require; and that is not to give a hod-carrier more for his labor than the supply of labor compels him to do. Beyond the trade price is charity, and though charity may be humane, it does not belong to trades. To compel charity is to take plunder.

THE RECENT ARKANSAS CONFLICT has led to even greater discussion of the merits of the Arkansas people than were printed in the *Nation*. It appears that the one great quality of the people of Arkansas which first impresses the traveler is their open-hearted generosity. They are hospitable to a fault. For a stranger, who is properly introduced, writes a Little Rock correspondent, nothing is too good, and no trouble too great. Their courage, too, is unquestionable, as any one who saw them during the late disturbances would readily acknowledge. At the same time they are more apt to take offense without adequate cause. As an illustration of this may be mentioned an incident that occurred there a day or two since. A gentleman, who was a stranger in Little Rock, went to the desk of one of the hotels and asked if he could buy a postage-stamp. The clerk replied that he had none, whereupon a bystander took out his pocketbook and graciously handed the gentleman a number of stamps, telling him to help himself. The stranger

took two of them, and, thanking the gentleman for his kindness, handed back the remainder of the stamps and six cents to pay for those he had taken. But the pennies had scarcely been placed in the hands of the other when he flung them on the floor, and exclaimed, excitedly, "If you were not a fool, sir, you would know that an Arkansian does not peddle postage-stamps!" No apologies would be accepted, and the irate man walked out of the hotel muttering about his offended honor. The stories which have been circulated in the East to the effect that Northern people were badly treated by the natives is denied by some of the best-known gentlemen here. The men of the State cherish no hard feelings even against those who fought in the Union army. On the other hand, the women of Little Rock pretend to look down on those who come from the Union States, and they refuse to visit Northern ladies. This does not seriously interfere with the happiness of the latter, however.

THE CZAR'S VISIT to London had little popular or political effect in England, but throughout Europe it seems to have caused considerable comment. A Vienna journal clearly scans the political horizon, and says that the Czar's visit to London does not fail to attract much attention in France. In connection with Earl Russell's interpellation and Lord Derby's reply, it gives rise to many comments and to reflections of the boldest kind. The *Républicain Française*, Gambetta's organ, thinks that the object of the visit is a rapprochement between England and Russia with a view to the protection of those whom a boundless ambition—namely, that of Germany—threatens, and it hopes that the two powers will become defenders of the European balance of power. What the "European balance of power" means in the minds of French politicians is well known; it is the preponderance of France over all other Continental States. For, in fact, there is hardly a Frenchman who does not seriously regard the prestige of France as a benefit for the world, and who is not heartily convinced of the necessity of it for humanity at large. Therefore, according to French notions, the European balance of power is identical with French preponderance. Need we point out that neither England nor Russia share this view? The expression "balance of power," which was invented and much used at the time of the Congress of Vienna, when European diplomacy was occupied with setting the limbs of Europe which had been put out of joint by French violence, sounds comically in the mouth of a Frenchman. For the whole of modern history, from the time of the chivalrous Francis I. to that of the not at all chivalrous Napoleon III., is full of the deeds by which France sought to disturb the European balance of power. The rest of Europe is not of opinion that it is necessary for its balance of power that France should possess Alsace and Lorraine, in the loss of which provinces only Frenchmen can perceive a disturbance of the "European balance of power."

#### WALL STREET OF SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA STREET is the Wall Street of the Pacific Coast. There you see daily the mad, dening rush for gold. Young and old, rich and poor, struggle for the shining dust. There on the corner stands a shrewd man who has made a million out of "Belcher," and his friend across the way lost a million on the same silver mine. Here is the sharper that induced the rich banker to invest in the diamond mine of Arizona—and there goes the banker that was taken in. There is the man that buys up all the wheat on the Pacific Coast and bulls the Liverpool market, while his friend against the lamp-post manufactures and sells all the Pioneer wine and brandy of California. You would not think that that little red-face, red-nose, gray-haired man biting his finger-nails, on the curbstone, made a half-million last week on "Crown Point." No, he lost all he invested, and like a shark waits for some gudgeon to get even on. There comes Ralston, the President of the Bank of California, a man of great pluck and off-hand adventure. He is about forty, has a constitution like an army mule, and iron nerve. Ralston is one of the pushing spirits of the Pacific Coast. His generosity is unbounded, and his hand and heart are ever open to the poor and unfortunate. Years ago he was a clerk on a Mississippi steamboat, and many business men remember him as a dashing young blood, who was always ready to work, and never absent from roll-call.

#### THE TWO LOVERS.

BY  
GEORGE ELIOT.

TWO lovers by a moss-grown spring:  
They leaned soft cheeks together there,  
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,  
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.

O budding time!  
O love's blest prime!

Two wedded from the portals step:  
The bells made happy carolings,  
The air was soft as fanning wings,  
White petals on the pathway slept.

O pure-eyed bride!  
O tender pride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent:  
Two hands above the head were locked;  
These pressed each other while they rocked,  
Those watched a life that love had sent.

O solemn hour!  
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire:  
The red light fell upon their knees  
On heads that rose by slow degrees  
Like buds upon the lily spine.

O patient life!  
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,  
The red light shown about their knees;  
But all the heads by slow degrees  
Had gone and left that lonely pair.

O voyage fast!  
O vanished past!

The red light shone upon the floor  
And made the space between them wide;  
They drew their chairs up side by side,  
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"  
O memories!  
O past that is!



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 231.



ENGLAND.—DEBARKATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AT DOVER.



ENGLAND.—RECEPTION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA—SCOTCH MUSIC AT THE ROYAL BANQUET IN ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR CASTLE.



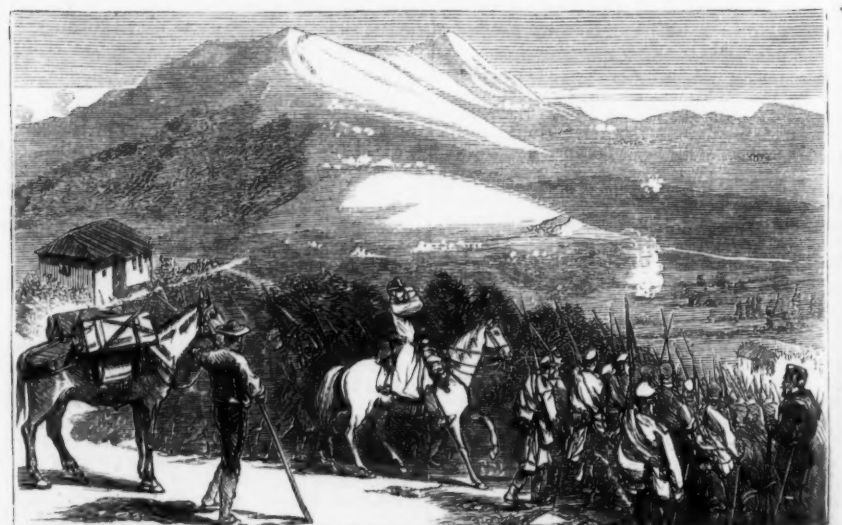
RUSSIA.—CELEBRATION OF EASTER EVE AT ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG.



RUSSIA.—A STREET TEA-SELLER AT MOSCOW.



ENGLAND.—GOLDEN TROPHIES AND ORNAMENTS BROUGHT FROM ASHANTEE.



SPAIN.—THE CARLIST WAR—GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF APRIL 30TH—CAPTURE OF MONTILLANO



THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE  
TREASURY.

GENERAL BENJAMIN H. BRISTOW was born in Kentucky, of an old and respected family. They owned slaves, but were loyal during the rebellion. When it first broke out he left his law practice in Louisville and entered the Union army under General Thomas, serving with distinction and meriting the entire confidence of his chief. At the close of the war he was made United States Attorney for the Louisville District, which place he filled with marked ability until 1870, when he was called to Washington, on the creation of the Department of Justice, to fill the responsible position of Solicitor-General. In 1872 he resigned, to accept a more profitable situation in connection with the Southern Pacific Railroad, and was succeeded by the Hon. Samuel F. Phillips, of North Carolina, who still holds the office. During the latter half of the year 1873 he returned from Philadelphia, where his new duties compelled him to reside, to Louisville; and, having severed his connection with the railroad company, resumed his profession there with General Harlan.

On the opening of Congress it was unofficially announced that Attorney-General Williams would be nominated to the Chief-Justiceship, and that Mr. Bristow would be nominated to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of his former chief; and on the following day both names were sent to the Senate. In the humiliating contest which followed, the merits of Judge Williams only were considered, and those of Mr. Bristow did not come up for general discussion, as it was understood that his confirmation as Attorney-General depended upon that of Judge Williams for the more distinguished position. When both names had been before the Senate for more than a month, they were withdrawn by the President. While Solicitor-General he performed his duties faithfully, and was considered a good lawyer; and it is said that the President was loath to accept his resignation. He is a fine-looking man, dignified and courteous, and his word can be implicitly relied on.

## NATIONAL BREWERS' CONGRESS.

THE fourteenth annual congress of the brewers of the United States began its session in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, June 3d. We give an illustration of the hall, its assembly, and decorations. On the stage was a representation of the sun rising in an Elysian garden. In the centre was a figure of Hebe, with a canopy of white lace and gold over a pink ground. Running round the hall at the ceiling was a Chinese border. At the windows were tablets with painted pictures, and between each, over the mirrors, were banners on which were inscribed mottoes.

The President of the New England Society welcomed the delegates, and the President of the National Association responded. He spoke of the beneficial use of fermented liquors as a substitute for alcohol. The manufacture and consumption of malt liquors was steadily on the increase. For the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1872, there were brewed and sold in the States and Territories, 8,009,969 gallons of fermented liquors, and during the following year, 8,910,823 gallons. In 1873 there were 3,554 breweries in the United States, against 3,421 the previous year. Of these, Pennsylvania had 300; New York, 431; Ohio, 296; Wisconsin, 280, and Massachusetts, 49. The increase in the



GENERAL B. H. BRISTOW THE NEWLY APPOINTED SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—F. THORPE, ARTIST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

consumption of fermented liquors had been steady at nearly a million gallons per year, which fact he considered was a popular indorsement of its refreshing, invigorating and nutritious qualities.

He considered the prohibitory law, and said that after having a fair trial it had proved a failure, and worse than that—as the condemnation of intoxicating liquors had encouraged many, clergymen and

lawyers included, to look for a sedative in place of a stimulant, which they found in opium. Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of opium were annually imported into this country, ten times the importation of thirty years ago.

Mr. Clausen made the following statement touching the capital in breweries: Taking ten dollars for every barrel of beer sold,

the amount of capital circulating during the last year was \$89,108,230. The number of men employed, calculating one man for 800 barrels, was 11,138 men. The quantity of malt used, at 2½ bushels per barrel, was 22,277,057½ bushels. The quantity of hops used, at 2½ pounds per barrel, was 20,049,351½ pounds. The capital invested in malt-houses to convert the barley into malt, at 75 cents per bushel, was \$16,707,793,12½. The number of men employed in malt-houses, at one man to 30 bushels per day, during a malting season of seven months, was 3,566 men.

The quantity of land required to produce the barley used, at 20 bushels per acre, is 1,113,853 acres. Its value, at \$40 per acre, is \$44,554,120. The number of persons employed on agricultural land in barley culture, taking one man to every 33 acres, was 33,753 men. In hop culture, the quantity of hops used was 20,049,351½ pounds; number of acres of land required to produce the quantity, 40,099; the value of such land, at \$40 per acre, was \$1,603,960; number of persons employed in hop culture, taking one to every five acres, 8,020.

THE DRESS REFORM MEETING IN  
BOSTON.

STRICT orders were issued by the managers of the Dress Reform Convention, recently held at Freeman Place Chapel, Boston, to allow none but ladies to attend. Nevertheless we give an illustration of the assembly in session, in this issue, made from a sketch by our special artist who was present. No living models were exhibited by way of illustrating the advantages of the proposed reforms, as was said to have been done at the recent convention held in San Francisco, but large dolls were used as lay-figures on which to display the improved gowns and underwear.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE  
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

UPWARDS of six thousand people witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the American Museum of Natural History, in Manhattan Square, above Central Park, on June 2d. The neighborhood was crowded with carriages, and distinguished persons from all parts of the country were present, among whom were General Grant, Governor Dix, Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institute, Hamilton Fish, Secretary Robeson, and Senator Stewart of Nevada. Dr. Tyng made the opening prayer, and Robert L. Stuart, President of the Museum, delivered the address, explaining the objects of the institution and the intentions of its managers. H. G. Stebbins, President of the Department of Public Parks, General Dix, Professor Henry, and others, followed with short speeches.

At the conclusion of Professor Henry's address, Professor Albert S. Bickmore read the list of articles placed in the box to be deposited beneath the stone, comprising documents concerning the Museum, copies of the daily papers, and some coin and currency.

President Grant, accompanied by Mr. Stuart, Professor Bickmore, the Governor, the Secretary of the Navy, and others, stepped upon the platform surrounding the stone, and the ceremony was performed by the President, who with a silver-mounted trowel spread the mortar over the box and covered it from sight. As the stone was lowered over it, the



NATIONAL BREWERS' CONGRESS AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON, MASS.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORSE.



President struck it with the trowel three times. Professor Bickmore repeated the blows, and the ceremony was over.

#### CARO NOME.

HOLD the sea shell to thine ear,  
And the murmur of the wave  
From its depths mayst hear,  
Like a voice from out the grave  
Calling through the night to thee!

Low and soft and far away  
From a silent distant shore,  
Where is neither night nor day,  
Nor the sound of plying oar;  
For all sleep beside that sea!

Low and soft, but constant still,  
For it murmurs evermore  
With a steady, pulsing thrill,  
Of the waves upon the shore,  
And it tells naught else to thee.

Hold mine heart up to thine ear,  
And the one beloved name  
Singing thro' its depths mayst hear,  
And the song is still the same—  
'Tis a murmur from the sea!

From the great sea of my love,  
Far-reaching, calm and wide,  
Where no storm nor tempest move,  
Nor ebb the constant tide,  
And the waves still sing of thee!

#### A WEIRD STORY OF BRUGES.

A MILE or so on the level highway beyond the beautiful round towers of the looped and embattled Porte St. Croix, one of the still remaining barriers of the old fortifications at Bruges, there stands, at a little distance from the road, a quaint old Flemish dwelling-house, built of red brick, and almost hidden among chestnut and apple-trees. If we are to believe the "Chronyke Van Vlanderen," it was once a shooting-box of Charles the Bold, and near it Mary of Burgundy received the fall from her horse which proved so fatal. Be this as it may, it is a house with many pointed gables, strange outshots and beams of quaintly carved oak; and therein, with his nephew, Hendrik, and an old housekeeper, resided Doctor Van Gansendonck, called Doctor, not from his profession, but for his learning, as he enjoyed the reputation of understanding all languages, living and dead, and being master of every science, human and divine; and was regarded by the simple and religious Bruguiois as altogether a miracle of a man in some respects.

Some there were who deemed him a dangerous dupe to his own powers, and these were the clergy especially, who, with something of repugnance, drew their black cloaks closer about them when "the doctor" passed them on the highway or in the narrow unpaved streets, as it was notorious that he never crossed the threshold of a church, or was known to lift his hat to them or to the numerous Madonnas that decorated every street corner, and many a doorway too, in Bruges.

The Herr Doctor, now past his sixtieth year, had, in some respects, a decidedly bad reputation, and a hundred and fifty years ago or so might have ended his studies amid a blaze of tar-barrels in the Grande Place as a wizard, but in this our age of steam and telegraphy he was viewed as simply a learned eccentric, and as a dabbler in mesmerism, clairvoyance, the occult light, and second sight; but these occult mysteries, which the Church condemns, he would seem to have carried to a length that seems strangely out of place in these days of hard facts and practical common-sense.

A forehead high and bald, a head tonsured round by a fringe of silvery hair, eyes keen and quick as those of a rattlesnake—eyes that seemed to glare through his gold-rimmed glasses, made the face of Herr Van Gansendonck so remarkable, that those who saw it never failed to be impressed by its strange expression of intellectual power, tinged with somewhat of insanity; but his visitors were few. His time was chiefly spent in his library; and as he was rich, being proprietor of more than one of those gigantic mills, the sails of which overshadow the grassy ramparts, he could afford to please himself as he chose, and seclusion was his choice. He seemed to have but one favorite only—Hendrik—a brother's orphan son, whom he had adopted, educated, and who was to be his heir.

Hendrik was now in his twentieth year, decidedly handsome, but with dreamy blue eyes that had an expression in them one could not easily forget; yet the lad's temperament was poetic and enthusiastic, and now he had but recently returned to Bruges, after undergoing a course of study, and attending those lectures which are given on science, literature and art, at the library of the Museum in Brussels.

The grim old student hailed the return of the younger one with a pleasure that he did not conceal, and there was at least one more in Bruges that did so with joy.

This was Lenora, the daughter of Madame Van Eyck, a widow lady, residing in one of those quaint old houses at the Quai Espagnol. To her he had been betrothed, and the monetary plans of his uncle alone were awaited for their marriage, young though Hendrik was.

Bruges, according to an old monkish rhyme, has ever been celebrated for its pretty girls, but Lenora Van Eyck, a bright blonde of eighteen, was more than pretty—she was charming, with that wonderful bloom of complexion which is so truly Belgian; light, laughing, hazel eyes that were full of merriment, and all her ways and modes of expression quaint and attractive.

She had been one of the six young ladies who, clothed and veiled in white, were selected on the last Corpus Christi day to bear the gilt Madonna through the streets before the bishop. Lenora had been with her family at Blankenberg—the little Brighton of the Bruges—for several weeks after the return of Hendrik to the house of his uncle; and when again they met at their favorite trysting-place, the long walk of state's poplars by the canal near the Porte St. Croix, she soon became conscious of a strange and painful change in the bearing, the manner, and the eyes of her lover. Languor seemed to pervade every action; his face had become pale, his eyes more dreamy than ever, and he was unusually taciturn and abstracted.

Why was this? Lenora asked of herself, while she watched him with that keenness of eye and anxiety of heart that are born of love and tenderness, for there was a singular mystery now about the once happy Hendrik that filled her with grave perplexity. Had his love for her changed? His eyes, though sad, were loving in expression as ever when they met hers—yet even his smile was sad—so very sad!

Again, and again, in her most winning way, she would implore Hendrik to reveal to her any secret

that weighed upon his mind, but in vain. Why was it, she asked, that he, whom she had left so lively in bearing and happy in spirit, had now become so moody? and why was it that there were times when he seemed to feel himself compelled, as it were, to leave her suddenly and in haste, without a word of explanation, apology, or excuse? She pleaded without avail; Hendrik could but avert his pallid face, or cover his eyes with his hand, as if to shut out some painful vision or crush some worrying thought.

He dared not tell her—lest she should deem him mad, and so shrink from him—that his uncle, the Herr Van Gansendonck, had, mesmerically, acquired a mysterious and terrible influence over him, and that by the mere power of will he could summon him to his presence at all times, wherever he might be, or with whomsoever he was engaged—even with herself; and that he, Hendrik, found himself totally powerless and incapable of effecting his emancipation from the bodily and mental thralldom under which he writhed!

He dared not tell her all this, or, further, that Herr Van Gansendonck had the power to set him asleep on a chair in his library, and then to cause his spirit (for this was alleged in the Palais de Justice) to disengage itself from the body, and go on distant missions through the air for thousands of miles in the course of a few minutes, or that when thus put to sleep, the Herr, by exciting his organ of ideality, could obtain such information as he wished on strange and abstruse subjects.

That he had become a helpless and nerve-shattered mesmeric medium, he thought at times he might confide to her; but even in this his courage failed him, for other and more terrifying convictions were creeping upon him; thus he shrank from telling the girl who loved him so dearly, that when his spiritual essence was dispatched to distant lands, the Herr, by the same power, permitted other spirits to enter his body and use its members for purposes of their own. The horror of this idea, it was alleged, made the youth's life insupportable, for on awakening from these strange and involuntary trances, he would at times find on his person cuts and bruises he was all unconscious of receiving; sometimes his purse would be gone, or in its place might be found strange money and letters to and from individuals of whose existence he knew nothing.

All this was done by one whose power he could neither repel nor defy; and now he had the natural dread that if his body was made to obey the behests of these spiritual intruders, he might be led into some horrible predicament—the commission of a dreadful crime. Another even might come in his place and meet Lenora! . . .

One evening as they sat on the grassy rampart that overlooked the great canal, the girl strove to rouse him by singing with great sweetness one of Jan Van Beer's Flemish songs; but the music of her voice and the poetry of the author of "Zeik Jongeling" fell on Hendrik's ear in vain. When she paused—

"I dreamt of you last night, darling Lenora," said the young man, looking at her with inexpressible tenderness; "but such dreams are so tantalizing, even more so than the dreams one has by day."

"All your life seems one hazy dream now, Hendrik," said Lenora, somewhat petulantly.

"Forgive me, dearest; you know not what you talk of. My mind, I grant you, is a chaos, full of strange terrors, perplexity, and confusion; and times there are when I fear for my reason," he added wildly, passing a hand over his forehead, and looking aside.

"Dear Hendrik, do not speak thus, I implore you."

"I must—in whom can I confide, if not in you? And yet I dare not—I dare not!"

After a pause he spoke again, with his eyes fixed, not on her, but on the still, deep water of the shining canal.

"This much I will tell you, Lenora. Yesterday, my uncle sent me on some business of his to the house of an advocate, Pire Baas, near the Béguinage, a house in which I had never been before, and I was shown into a room to wait. On looking round, to my astonishment, every article in it—and the room itself—the ceiling, the stove, the windows, and the paintings—especially one by Hans Hemling—were all familiar to me, and I seemed to recognize every object there. 'I was never here before,' thought I; 'and yet I must have been—but when?' If so, there is a little window behind this picture, which opens to the garden of the Béguinage." I turned the picture, and lo! there was the little window in question; I saw through it the garden with all its cherry-trees and two or three béguines flitting about. Oh, Lenora, there is indeed some power beyond matter, proving that the soul is independent of the body!"

"It must have been a dream."

"It was no dream," replied Hendrik, gloomily.

"How do you account for this strange fancy?"

"My disembodied spirit must have been there, sent on some accursed errand by my uncle!"

"But you would die, Hendrik."

"Not if another tenant were at hand," replied Hendrik, gnashing his teeth.

Then the girl wept to hear him, as she naturally deemed, raving thus.

"Such things cannot be," said she, sobbing.

"My uncle says they may; the theory is as old as the days of Pythagoras."

"I know nothing of Herr Pythagoras; but this I know, that the Herr Van Gansendonck is a strange and bad man. Pardon me, dear Hendrik; but he never enters a church-door, nor has he been to mass or confession for years. Leave him, and Bruges, too, rather than become the victim of such dreadful delusions."

"To do either is to leave and lose you! I am his heir; and we have but to wait his pleasure—or, it may be, his death, to be so happy," replied Hendrik, sadly; and they relapsed into silence. With Lenora it was silence induced by sorrow and alarm, while her lover seemed to let his thoughts slip away into dreamland.

The sultry summer evening breeze rustled the leaves near them; the honey-bees buzzed and hummed among the wild flowers and buttercups that grew on the rampart; and far away could be heard the ceaseless chirping of the crickets.

Lenora's head rested on Hendrik's shoulder, and he was lost in thought, though mechanically toying with her hair, which shone like ripples of gold in the light of the setting sun.

He was aware that Lenora had begun to speak to him again; her voice seemed to mingle with the drowsy hum of the bees and the evening chimes or carillons in the distant spires; but he heard her as if he heard her not; till suddenly a thrill seemed to pass over him, as a secret and intuitive sense or knowledge that his terrible relation required his immediate presence made him start from the grassy bank, snatch a hasty kiss, and hurry away by the arch of the Porte St. Croix, leaving Lenora mortified, sorrowful, and utterly bewildered by the abruptness of his departure.

"Oh, how changed he is!" thought she, as she proceeded slowly in the other direction towards her home on the Quai Espagnol.

On two or three occasions the unhappy Hendrik had, what he conceived to be, undoubted proof of his body having been, in the intervals of mesmeric trances, tenanted by another spirit than his own; and this strange and wild conviction caused such intense horror and loathing of his uncle that the expressions to which he gave utterance to more than one of his friends—more than all, to Lenora—were recalled, most fatally for himself, at a future time.

One day, in the Rue des Augustines, he was accosted by Brother Eusebius, a Capuchin.

"Friend Hendrik," said he, severely and gravely, "was it becoming in you to be roistering as you were yesterday at the low *estaminet* in the marketplace, and with such companions—fellows in blouses and sabots?"

"Impossible, Brother Eusebius; I was not there."

flattered Hendrik, as the usual fear crept over him.

"I, myself, saw you. And, moreover, you looked at me."

"When—at what hour?"

"Six in the evening."

"Six!"

Hendrik felt himself grow pale. He remembered that at that identical time he was under the hands of his uncle. He groined in sore and dire perplexity, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, while the Capuchin continued to address him in tones of rebuke and earnest reprimand.

"Have I a double-ganger, or am I become crazed?" urged Hendrik. "Believe me, Brother Eusebius, I was not there!" he added, piteously and earnestly.

"At the hour of six?" persisted the unbelieving Capuchin.

"I swear to you that at the hour of six I was, and had been for some time, in one of those unaccountable trances in which my uncle has the power to cast me—one of those hours of bodily torpor that have come upon me," he added, while the perspiration poured in bead-drops from his pallid brow. "I awoke about eight. I heard the chimes ringing in the church of St. Giles, and near me sat my uncle, pen in hand, as if in the act of questioning me and committing to paper that which I had been revealing in my magnetic slumber. Oh! am I the victim of necromancy!"

"Scarcely, in this age of the world," replied the Capuchin, but now with more of pity than rebuke in his manner.

"I swear to you by the Holy Blood that I speak the truth!" continued Hendrik, referring to the famous *relique* of the Bruguiois in the little chapel near the Hotel de Ville. "I last remember hearing the voice of my uncle as I sank into sleep; my arms fell powerless by my side; my eyes closed; waves of magnetic fluid or air seemed to flow over me; and my spirit passed away, at his behest, to other lands."

"What madness—what raving is this, Hendrik?" said the sanctified friar, with sadness and severity. "Do you mean to tell me that your uncle is another Cagliostro—a veritable Balsamo?"

"I fear it—I fear it!" said Hendrik, with clasped hands.

"Learn first to fear the potion of the *estaminet*," replied the Capuchin, as he turned coldly and bluntly away, believing that the young man was intoxicated.

On another occasion Hendrik failed to keep an appointment with Lenora Van Eyck, who waited for him anxiously till long past the time named, and then proceeded pensively homeward. As she approached the steep and antique bridge that leads from the Rue des Augustines to the Quai Espagnol she saw Hendrik cross it, and look at her calmly and deliberately the while, but without a glance or smile of recognition. Her heart, which at first had beat happily, now became perplexed as he turned abruptly up the opposite bank of the canal, and dropped into a little skiff, which he proceeded to unmoor, and, in doing so, cut his right hand severely.

"Hendrik! Hendrik!" she called aloud; but he heard her not, and, shipping a pair of sculls, pulled swiftly out of sight.

When next they met, and she upbraided him with this strange conduct, the same emotion of fear that had come over him when confronted by the Capuchin again filled his heart, and he called heaven to witness that it was not he whom she had seen.

"But here, Hendrik, love, is the wound on your hand," urged the astonished girl.

"I know not how I received it," he moaned, "though aware that a wound is there."

"This passes all comprehension!" said Lenora, mournfully. "Oh! Hendrik, I thought a love like ours would never die; yet doubt and terror are destroying it now."

Something like a sob came into Hendrik's throat, and through his clinched teeth he muttered hoarsely and fiercely:

"This kind of life—a double life, it would seem—cannot last for ever. Nothing does last for ever, and the end will come anon." And as he spoke he fixed his moist eyes as if on some distant horizon which he alone could see.

"Hendrik!—dearest Hendrik!" urged the girl soothingly, as she caressed his face between her soft and pretty hands, for her heart was full of alarm as well as love; it was a conviction so dreadful, the fear that he perhaps was becoming insane.

"Can over-study at Brussels have made the poor boy ill?" thought Lenora, in the solitude of her chamber that night. "Oh! must I give him up after all—after all? Dare I go through life as the wife of one so strange, so wayward and so moody? No; better be a beguine like Aunt Trudy. I am so happy at home. Why do girls marry? and for what do I want to marry?" And as she pondered thus, she sat looking at her white hands, and changing Hendrik's betrothal ring—an opal set with diamonds—from one finger to another, till it slipped from her and rolled away on the varnished floor, from whence she snatched it up with a little cry of alarm, for the event seemed ominous of evil.

"Oh, I must indeed consult Brother Eusebius about this matter," was her concluding thought, more especially as the Capuchin had told her that "opals were unlucky."

And when he dropped in for his post-prandial cup of coffee with her mother that evening, Lenora did take him into her confidence; but the friar only imbibed pinch after pinch of snuff from the huge wooden box which he carried in the sleeve-pocket of his brown frock; hinted of what he had seen at the *estaminet*, and shook his shaven head, adding that "Hendrik Van Gansendonck came of a bad stock, and should be avoided." So the Capuchin was consulted no more on the subject.

Hendrik now broke many appointments made with Lenora. He seemed to be no longer master of his own actions, and he was so frequently reproached by her for his inattention and unkindness, that he feared to make a promise to her at all, and two entire days passed without their meeting.

Could he tell her that which he now confidently believed to be the case, that Herr Van Gansendonck had cast him into a mesmeric trance, leaving him in that condition, and intending to come back in an hour or so; but, having been summoned away on business, had left him, to all appearance, spell-bound and helpless, to the terror of the old housekeeper at the chateau?

On the third day he met her coming from vespers

in the church of the Béguinage, where she had been to visit her aunt Trudy.

Lenora was very pale; her eyes were full of tears, and, as Hendrik could perceive, they were sparkling with resentment. She was in the very Summer of her beauty—that age when all girls seem pretty. Hendrik gazed upon her caressingly, and would have kissed her, but the walk was a public one, and the *blanchisseurs* were busy amid the Minnewater. Lenora was so prettily dressed, too; and most suitably did her silver-gray costume, trimmed with rose-colored ribbon, become her blonde beauty, her purity of complexion and clear shining tresses. Fresh, young and graceful, there was a delicateness and softness in her air and person, yet anger was apparent in her eyes; and those of Lenora were what a writer has described as "wonderful golden eyes—eyes which painters dare not imitate, because the color is so subtle, and the light in them so living—eyes that are called hazel, but are not hazel."

"I know the reason of your avoiding me in the Rue des Augustines, and also where you were going on that evening in the skiff," said she.

"Lenora, have I not already said—"

"Hendrik," interrupted the girl, with severity, "I have for some time feared that you were crazed; now I find that you are wicked, and that Brother Eusebius was right, after all."

"Wicked—my darling!"

"Do not speak to me thus; I have good reason to be most indignant with you," she continued, stamping her little foot on the ground.

"For what, dearest?" asked Hendrik, whose heart was sinking with vague apprehension, as usual.

"Cease to twist your mustache, and answer me this: was it right or proper of you to be drinking with soldiers at the Rampart de Caserne last evening?—and worse still, to be toying with and caressing little Mademoiselle Dentelle, the lace-maker, who lives there—toying with her actually in the open street, while mamma and I passed you?" added Lenora, whose eyes were flashing through their tears, though her cheek was pale, as Hendrik's now became.

He was voiceless, and could make neither response nor reply, for he knew that at the time to which she referred he had been, as he simply phrased it, "put to sleep in his kinsman's study," and that on awaking he had found himself not there, but lying on the grassy bank near the Rampart de Caserne, and that, instead of his hat, he found on his head the kepi of a soldier of the Second Regiment, then quartered in Bruges, and a pipe, of which he knew nothing, dangling from a button of his coat. The stars were shining, and the dew was on the grass, but how long he had been there, or how he came to be there, were alike mysteries to him.

He felt bitterly the utter hopelessness of urging more to Lenora; yet he attempted to falter out some explanation.

"This is juggling, Hendrik," replied the girl, passionately; "another face—another love has come between us, otherwise you would not dare to treat me thus!"

"Your suspicion is false, dearest Lenora," said he. "Oh, pardon me, sweet one! I feel as if I were in a dream—as if I were some one else, and not myself!"

"Again, dreams!" said Lenora, scornfully, as she drew his betrothal ring from her finger, dashed it at his feet, and left him.

Night after night had Lenora lain awake, brooding over the change that had come upon Hendrik, weeping the while, with wide-open eyes in the darkness, and now she had come to the firm resolution to dismiss him for ever; but when she left him, silent, stunned and confounded by the Minnewater, her heart yearned for him again, and she repented her severity, lest his mind might be, as she too justly feared, affected.

And now he, while gazing wistfully after her retiring figure, thought with loathing and horror of the keen visage, the hawk-like nose, the cold, yet clear glittering eyes and gold spectacles of that odious relative to whom he was unphappily indebted even for food and raiment, for his past education, and all his future prospects in life—Lenora included; but who seemed to possess over him a power so unaccountable, so terrible and diabolical. Much of this he said to one or two friends whom he met on his way homeward, and the expressions were also remembered against him in the time that was to come.

Soon after, he found himself secretly and imperceptibly summoned to the presence of the Herr, who—as he afterwards told the Burgomaster in the Palais de Justice—"bade him go to sleep," and sent his spirit on some mysterious errand, hundreds of miles away. What happened in the library of that little chateau outside the Porte St. Croix, while his spiritual essence was thus absent, the unhappy Hendrik never could know; but when it re-entered his body—or when he awoke—he was horrified to find his learned uncle lying dead on the floor amid a pool of blood, his face and throat gashed by dreadful wounds, which had evidently been inflicted by a blood-spotted knife which Hendrik found clutched in his own right hand! Blood gouts were over all his clothes, the pockets of which were found to be stuffed with money, jewels and other valuables taken from a bureau and desk, which had been burst open and ransacked.

The soul of Hendrik died within him. Even if he had committed this crime in frenzy, and he felt certain that he did not do so—why should he have sought to rob his uncle? He then thought of Lenora, and of the sorrow and shame that would come upon her now; he reeled and fell senseless on the floor.

The cries of the old housekeeper speedily brought aid; Hendrik was arrested, charged with assassination and robbery, and was at once consigned to the Palais de Justice, where all the weird story came to light. The hatred and horror he had expressed of his dead uncle were now remembered fatally by all who had heard them; but the knife he had in his hand was, singularly enough, found to be the property of a soldier of the Second Belgian Infantry.

To the last Hendrik asserted his innocence, when tried and convicted for that which was, not unnaturally, deemed a most cruel and ungrateful crime; and his advocate, Pire Baas, who, singularly enough, was also a dabbler in mesmerism, labored hard in his cause, but in vain. When brought to the scaffold in the Grande Place, Hendrik, attended by Brother Eusebius, had all the bearing of a martyr, as he fully believed that the crime committed, if by his hand, was at least by the dictate of another spirit.

Lenora visited him in the dreary cell the night before he died, and according to *La Patrie*, as they parted, Hendrik said:

"Death, even on the scaffold, has no terror for me now. I know where my spirit will go, and that none on earth can recall it. You will come to me, beloved Lenora," he added, pointing upwards; "you will come to me there in heaven, where there can be no parting, no death, and no sorrow."

And with one long embrace, they parted forever.

The editor of *La Patrie*, writing of these things



next day, said, not without truth, "Hendrik Van Gansendonek was, too probably, crazed; and if so, should not have been executed."

### THE FROZEN WORLD.

Of all geological questions, none have given rise to so much discussion, since geology became a science, as those connected with the glacial epoch. We have had endless disputes upon its date and cause, upon the climatal conditions which prevailed during its existence, upon the effects produced by the vast masses of ice which then covered this country and the greater part of the northern hemisphere, and upon the relations of man to the glacial epoch.

In his "Great Ice Age," lately published, Mr. James Geikie, who is already well known as the writer of some excellent papers on these matters, sums up the arrangements, *pro* and *con*, in a most admirable fashion. His work is by far the most important contribution to this chapter of geological inquiry that has yet appeared. In his investigation of the phenomena which testify to the occurrence of a great glacial epoch in later geological times, Mr. Geikie very judiciously confines himself to Scotland, not only because it is the country in which his own personal researches have been chiefly carried on, but also because it exhibits on a grand scale those deposits and traces of abraded action which are now generally ascribed to the action of the ice. Having explained the nature and mode of occurrence of the boulder clay and its associated deposits, and shown to what extent they must be ascribed to glacial action, and having further elucidated by descriptions of existing glacial phenomena, especially in Greenland, what is the mode of action of ice, he proceeds to discuss the various hypotheses which have been put forward to account for the occurrence of a period of intense cold in the northern hemisphere.

The most prevalent of these ascribe the production of wide-spread glacial conditions to a change in the distribution of land and sea, or to comical causes. Mr. Geikie regards the former as unavailing, not only because we have no positive evidence of the occurrence of the hypothetical changes in the arrangement of land and water at the surface of the globe, but because he considers that such changes, if they actually took place, would not produce the effects ascribed to them. With the comical causes of change of climate the case is different. Their reality can be proved mathematically, and the only question remaining relates to their power of giving rise to the required phenomena. These comical causes consist in the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit, combined with the precession of the equinoxes, and, to a certain extent, nutation. The effects of these are discussed in great detail by our author, and shown, we think, satisfactorily, to be adequate to the production of glacial conditions on a grand scale.

The period of greatest cold is placed by astronomical calculations about 210,000 years ago. At this time, as Mr. Geikie tells us, all the north of Europe and of America was covered by a thick coat of ice and snow, the glaciers of mountain regions assumed gigantic proportions, and the valleys were everywhere filled up by a sheet of ice, which, being really formed of confluent glaciers, moved constantly downwards from the mountains in the direction of the principal valleys, and pushing far out to sea, where it terminated after the fashion of the icy covering of Greenland, or of the great Antarctic land. The shallow basin now occupied by the North Sea proved no obstacle to the Scandinavian ice, which swept across it to coalesce with the Scotch glaciers; and in the same way the glaciers born in the mountains of Wales and Cumberland crept out to unite with the Scotch and Irish Sea upon what is now the bed of the Irish Sea. On the other side the Scandinavian Mountains sent down a vast ice-sheet, which swept through the basin of the Baltic and over Finland, on to the plains of Northern Germany. This period of intense cold was succeeded by a warmer one, in which the ice and snow gradually retreated to the mountains, and plants and animals were able to live in the lower grounds. This was the period of the woolly rhinoceros, the mammoth, and the great cave bear. The seasons were strongly marked, and the action of floods caused by the annual melting of the snows on the high ground was very powerful. The warmth of the climate continuing to increase, the mammals above mentioned retired to more northern and congenial localities, and Britain was inhabited by elephants, hippopotami, lions, and hyenas. Another change gradually brought back the old icy covering, and these alternations of cold and warm periods seemed to have occurred more than once, although the evidence does not enable us to say how often. It was during one of these warm interglacial periods that palæolithic man made his way into Britain, where he was certainly the contemporary of the mammoth and the hippopotamus. Later still, the land, both in the British Isles and over a greater part of Northern Europe, gradually sank down into the sea, the submergence reaching to about 2,000 feet in North Wales. Then came on the last period of cold, when the projecting mountain-tops of Scandinavia became converted into a frozen archipelago, the ice floated from the shores of which carried away angular stones and rubbish, and dropped them on the bottom of the sea. Then came the last act in this great drama, the elevation of the land once more above the sea, and its reoccupation by animals which indicate that arctic conditions still prevailed, such as the reindeer, the moose, the Arctic fox, the lemming, and the marmot. Man followed or accompanied these animals in their migration, having probably lived with them, under arctic conditions, in the South of Europe during the preceding period of depression. But the new human inhabitants of these regions exhibit a considerable advance upon their predecessors; their weapons were still made of stone, but they present the more highly finished character of what is known as the neolithic type. There is evidence of the occurrence of a similar series of climatal changes in North America.

### DELCAMBRE'S TYPE-SETTING MACHINE.

The application of the principles of mechanics to operations usually performed by hand is of such frequent occurrence that it is a subject of wonder at what point the inventive genius of man will be satisfied. For many years much study has been given the idea of devising a contrivance by which type for newspaper and book work might be readily set without the employment of skilled labor. As a result, printers and publishers have been frequently called upon to examine apparatus from which great benefits were claimed. After tests have come failure; and the majority of type-setting machines have been stowed away for the amusement of spiders.

The latest and most effective invention in this line is the device of M. Isidore Delcambre, a French printer, who has made the subject his life study. His machine is manipulated on the same plan as a

piano. Above the finger-board is the case with the particular fonts of type to be used. The type is laid in long tubes, which are set in the rack at an easy slant, each tube corresponding to a box in the ordinary case. At the back of this case is an inclined plane, likewise furnished with grooves that converge to a single one. Connected with them is the justifying stand, about four feet in length, which in turn adjoins the galley.

Type may be set by any person capable of reading manuscript or reprint. The operator is seated before the finger-board, with the copy on the rack. On touching a key marked with the required letter, a valve in the tube is withdrawn, and the type rattles down to the inclined plane, and then falling into a groove, makes its way to the justifying stand, where it is pushed to the end, or close to a previous piece. It is evident, then, that type can be as fast as the eye can read and the fingers play.

The justifier is seated by the galley, and with rule in hand lays off the long row of type for proving, according to the desired measure. If a practical printer, the operator can readily paragraph and justify while measuring off, so that the first proof is sure to exhibit remarkable cleanliness. For rapid distribution the washed type are replaced in the tubes, which are set upright on another machine operated in the same manner, when by reading the lower letters and pressing the corresponding keys type by type fall in grooves and thence into other tubes. When the latter set are filled or the type exhausted, the tubes are replaced on the composing-machine for the next piece of work.

The Type-setting Machine works directly by keys, forty sorts representing ninety-five per cent. of the material used in ordinary composition, or 140,200 lower case letters, capitals, signs, spaces and quadrats of the 147,350 in the font, leaving but 7,750 types, for which thirty more columns or reservoirs and keys of the keyboard would be required, representing but five per cent. of the whole font, which, if added, would nearly double the price of the machine and render its practical working more difficult for awhile to the operator. With the machine the speed depends entirely upon the skill and activity of the operator; an expert, it is said, can compose from 3,000 to 3,500 ems per hour, or nearly an em per second.

These machines may be seen on the second floor of the *Daily News* building, No. 19 Printing-House Square.

### ROCHEFORT'S SPEECH.

THOSE who went to hear Henri Rochefort speak at the Academy of Music, on Friday evening, June 5th, and expected to hear a wild, bloodthirsty orator, were profoundly disappointed. When an American politician speaks on the question nearest his heart, he usually prolongs his remarks from two to three hours, and in the height of his enthusiasm he walks the stage and gesticulates with his whole body. But we have imagined him cold and passionless compared to a French Communist.

M. Rochefort's audience was composed largely of Frenchmen, yet a more genteel and quiet assembly never gathered in the Academy.

Mr. John Swinton, formerly managing editor of the *New York Times*, and the present leader of the most intelligent of the New York Communists, introduced the exile by explanatory remarks, touching the French Commune, and what M. Rochefort proposed to say. It was Mr. Swinton who met one's idea of a commander of barricades and bloody streets. His eyes flashed, and his face swelled with indignation, as he spoke of the indignities heaped upon his hero. Although his introduction was read from manuscript, he delivered it like an impeachment oration.

After hearing himself called the wittiest of writers in the wittiest of cities, M. Rochefort stepped forward, in full dress, amid enthusiastic and repeated applause. He looked more like a genteel Boston minister who had returned from a pleasure tour in Paris than a French revolutionist. His countenance is grave, and tinged with a delicate shade of sarcasm. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham of this city is, in general appearance, so similar to Rochefort as to be taken for his brother. Like Wendell Phillips, Rochefort is perfectly at ease on the stage. As if addressing an Episcopal church convention, he quietly began reading his discourse. Only once during his speech did he show the slightest feeling. Then it was by giving a bitter fling to his paper as he turned a page referring to the treatment of his wife and children by the Bonapartists. John Swinton began speaking at a little after eight o'clock, and continued for a quarter of an hour; and Rochefort finished at nine o'clock, having consumed scarcely more than thirty minutes in giving a masterly review of the Bonaparte troubles, the Commune, and his exile to New Caledonia. He began by describing his visit to the Sandwich Islands, expecting to find cannibals and savages, but to his profound surprise he saw schools, churches, and a successful Government made and controlled by the people. He told them that for advancing their ideas in France they would be exiled for life. In John Swinton's language, he contrasted the civilization of savagery with the savagery of civilization. Then he reviewed the causes that led to the troubles in France, and explained the secret movements of Jules Favre to bring about the capitulation of Paris; he described the inhuman treatment of the women and children in the Commune; gave a touching account of Louise Michel, the heroine of the barricades, who was exiled to New Caledonia; dwelt on the persecution of the families of the deported, the cruelties inflicted on the exiles in New Caledonia, and the refusal of the Government to pay them for their work, that they might provide for their families, saying that they would not work, and that therefore they deserved no compassion. We give an illustration of the scene in the Academy of Music.

### BLOOD CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

CONSUMPTION still maintains its supremacy, in this country, among the "ills that flesh is heir to," and yearly numbers its victims by thousands. Numerous remedies have been invented, and many curative agents of various kinds have been discovered which have saved many lives from this terrible disease. The best cure for consumption is a dry climate. Another cure is drinking liquid tar, or inhaling fumes of coal-tar. Drinking cod-liver oil is also highly recommended. An old remedy, which is about to come into general use, and bids fair to be a favorite with consumptives, is drinking the blood of animals. This cure has been practiced off and on for years past, and has been lately revived in the East, more particularly in Boston, where consumptives flock to the abattoirs to drink the warm blood of freshly slaughtered animals. This is approved of by physicians. There is more nutriment in the blood of animals freshly killed than in almost any substance known. It fills up the veins, imparts renewed emotions and energy, and stimulates the vitality atrophied in the feeble and exhausted organization. There are many different modes of getting at the blood. Eating raw beef-steak is one which

is best known. Some cut it thinly and spread it upon a piece of bread or cake. Another way is to mince it fine and eat it with salt and pepper, or other seasoning. Both of these modes are pursued by consumptives. The best place to witness blood-drinking is the Brighton Abattoir, near Boston. The establishment in question is located in a pleasant and agreeable quarter of North Brighton, and is comparatively free from the repulsive surroundings of a slaughter-house.

The consumptives come in large numbers by way of the Boston and Albany Railroad, or in private carriages, bringing tumblers with them, and these are filled by the accommodating butchers from the beast's throat when it is cut.

The blood is then drunk, and the invalids depart to return the next day. Sometimes there are from fifty to seventy-five a day served in this manner. The patients are of both sexes, and some of them are pretty far advanced in the disease, but are rapidly recuperating. Some of those who have been in the habit of drinking the fluid have left off, thoroughly cured, as they believe, and ready to renew the labors they had once abandoned, to die, and it would not be hard to find men and women almost fanatically enthusiastic about the remedy. It is easy to keep the blood down when you have swallowed it, much more so than many nauseous and injurious medicines that are prescribed for this disease.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE CZAR'S ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.—Dover being nearer London than Gravesend, and more convenient for the Czar, it was decided to land there, and so make up the time lost by the grounding of the Imperial yacht at Flushing. The streets, piers and railway stations of Dover were decked with bunting, and the whole town turned out to greet the Emperor of all the Russias. The Prince of Wales and wife, and the other members of the royal family, were present, and welcomed the Czar. The first person to salute the Czar was the Duchess of Edinburgh. Our picture shows him walking along the pier with her.

BANQUET TO THE CZAR.—Of course as soon as the Czar arrived in London he was presented to the Queen, and as soon thereafter as possible he was dined and wined. A grand state dinner of two hundred and fifty covers was set in Windsor Castle in honor of his Imperial Majesty. The invitations were very exclusive, only those of noble birth or great distinction being invited. Our illustration shows the banquet and the royal party at the moment that two Highland pipers are walking by, playing Scotch music such as is played at festivals, drinking bouts, and occasions of merry-making.

EASTER EVE IN ST. PETERSBURG.—Easter is a very solemn religious festival in the Greek Church, and the devotees of their religion in Russia observe Easter Week as a season of fasting and prayer to commemorate that most glorious epoch in the history of Christianity ending with the crucifixion and death of our Lord. Our illustration shows a number of pious persons ascending and descending the steps of St. Isaac's Cathedral, in St. Petersburg, which is kept continually open for the purpose of worship.

TEA-DRINKING IN MOSCOW.—Our picture shows a group of tea-drinkers in Moscow, Russia, indulging in their favorite beverage. The Russians are fond of tea, especially of black tea, which they import in vast quantities. They get the best in the market direct from China and Japan. They make tea in Russia in a peculiar manner. It is often iced, and is taken without milk, and in many cases without sugar. It is used at every meal, and takes the place of the coffee of other civilized nations.

ASHANTEE WAR TROPHIES.—The British troops brought back from Ashantee spoils and trophies of the war in the shape of trinkets, pots, vessels and instruments of gold, silver and brass. These have been sold to a London jeweler by the prize agents of the Government for \$66,000. The collection, which includes some nuggets and gold dust, has been placed on exhibition, and has drawn crowds of sight-seers and virtuosi.

THE CARLIST WAR.—The fighting round Bilbao, Spain, which threatened to come to a standstill after the capture of the place by Serrano, has been resumed, and several severe engagements have taken place between the Carlists and Republicans with varying success. In the northern provinces the Carlists have been more successful. Our engraving shows the scene of the battle of the 30th of May, near the village of Montillano.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

It takes twelve cents to pay postage on an ordinary Wisconsin love letter.

The key to the successful improvement of the Erie Canal will be found in enlarging the locks.

Admire your landlady's new jockey hat and feather, if you want a porter-house steak for breakfast.

A fashion paper asks what is to be worn at the watering places this summer. Mr. Quilp suggests clothes.

Eight hundred superfluous marriageable females in Easton, Pa., live a silent protest against the advice given to young men to go West.

They call it a case of "grave suspicion" when they find a man in a Virginian creek, head split open, and the body weighed down with rocks.

At forty years of age a man looks back over his life and wonders what he did it for, and then turns wistfully towards the future, and keeps on doing it.

Strange that people talk of political slavery in New York, and yet go all the way to Long Branch and Fire Island to place themselves below the level of the surf.

The man who went to a Boston bookstore and inquired for Charles Reade's "You Know How It Yourself," has been unsuccessful in his attempts to start a Butler organ in that city.

Never burn kindly written letters, the mute utterances of those afar, yet dear, whose faces you may never look upon again. Remember how many a little notion in tinware they will procure.

When a Tennessee father walks into a newspaper office with a shot-gun on his arm, and says: "My darter has writ some poetry which I want you to publish," how's a feller going to plead press of matter?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S autograph has reached Michigan, and it makes one feel lonesome to see tears trickling down the cheeks of aged ladies as they gaze upon the venerable relic, written on paper made in 1869.

CHICAGO may talk about the homely women of Detroit, but there is one redeeming feature. When one of them gets tired they don't have to dig up half the street to get a sixteen foot scuffling under her foot as a pry.

THERE is a man in Virginia, one hundred and seven years old, who never saw George Washington. We can only account for this upon the hypothesis that he was born blind, and sentenced to imprisonment for life for recovering his sight.

BOOKLYN *Agnes*.—Before a Nevada witness goes on the stand he unbuckles and removes two revolvers and a bowie-knife, and the lawyer calls him Mr. So-and-so, and is very careful not to refer to anything unpleasant which has ever happened in the witness's history.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### DOMESTIC.

ARMY-WORM, potato-bugs and grasshoppers are ravaging the Southwest. A swarm of grasshoppers devoured a thirteen-acre field of wheat, growing finely, in Humboldt County, Iowa, in two days, eating the green blades bare to the ground. The most important event that has occurred in the Presbyterian General Assembly was the reception and adoption of an overture from the Old School Synod of Missouri. A meeting of ironmasters was held in Philadelphia, and measures designed to remedy the depressed state of the trade were recommended. The Rhode Island Legislature has passed a Prohibitory law. There was great activity in the stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, owing to the death of J. Edgar Thompson, President. There was a reception of the Woman's Art Department at Cooper Institute, New York, last week. In the recent Oregon election party lines were ignored; the indications are that the Independents will control the Legislature. Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, has vetoed the Bill abolishing the State constabulary. In a report to the citizens of Boston, the Hon. H. D. Crowell states that the extent of the suffering in the Southern overflown districts is not realized at the North. A revolt, which at one time threatened to be serious, occurred in the Missouri Penitentiary last week. The corner-stone of the American Museum of Natural History was laid by President Grant, addresses being made by Governor Dix, Professor Henry, and others. A cooper's wife in Brooklyn, E. D., killed her three children and fatally wounded her husband. Commissioner Lynch, of the New York Emigration Board, denied the charges made against him. The cases of Sprague, Gill, Budeau, and other indicted officials of Brooklyn, were transferred to the new Special Term of the Oyer and Terminer. A daring robbery was perpetrated by masked burglars at Cold Springs, N. Y. One hundred thousand dollars have been subscribed for the Mill River sufferers; the list of needy persons is decreasing. The temperance movement has broken out with renewed vigor at Wilkes-barre, Pa. Sixty-five candidates passed the examination at West Point. None of the negro candidates passed. Judge Brady decided that Teresa Small should be cared for at the Sheltering Arms, instead of being surrendered to her father. The General Term of the Supreme Court denied the application of Tweed's counsel for a mandamus to compel Judge Davis to sign the bill of exceptions. In the Salt Lake City Council, last month, a petition was presented, signed by over 4,000 ladies, to discontinue licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors. A motion to grant the prayer of the petitioners so far as the law would permit was carried unanimously. The University of Virginia catalogues three hundred and fifty-nine students for its fiftieth session. A large deposit of chalk has been found on Cameros Creek, Napa County, Cal. The Mormon Church authorities call upon all alien Saints to apply for papers of naturalization at once.

#### FOREIGN.

HEAVY rains have fallen in India, and thousands of lives will be saved. The vastness of the lace industry of Belgium may be judged from the fact that around Brussels, Malines, Avers, Bruges, Menin, Ypres and Grammont, 100,000 women, young girls and little boys are engaged in its fabrication. The Bonapartists have resolved upon greater political activity. Various prominent members of the party are to be candidates for the French Assembly in future elections. The report of the intended candidature of a German Prince for the Spanish Throne is reiterated in France. Don Carlos has sent General Elia to inform the French Government of the movement. The Captain-General of Cuba is reported to have arranged a plan of military operations against the insurgents on the island. In the British House of Commons a motion involving the responsibility of the United States for the acts of the Rebels was made and negatived. The Under-Secretary of State for the Foreign Department said that a commission had been agreed upon for the examination of claims for losses arising after General Lee's surrender. It is said that Marshal Serrano will order a general election in Spain; if the Monarchists are in the majority he will propose the enthronement of the Prince of the Asturias under his regency. San Sebastian has been attacked by the Carlists and is in a critical situation. The Left Centre of the French Assembly held a meeting to promote a union with the Right Centre against the Bonapartists. The sale of the *Alife Sticle* has been prohibited. General Loma has assumed command of the First Corps of the Republican Army in the North of Spain. The Italian Parliament will probably be dissolved in August. The Franco-American Postal Convention is approved by the Committee of the French Assembly, to which it had been referred. The American Pilgrims have been entertained by the Catholic Club of Paris. Hernani in Spain is hard pressed by the Carlists. The Republicans have occupied Chelva. The ship *British Admiral* was wrecked in the South Pacific; seventy-five lives were lost. Fears of a riot, owing to an objectionable tax, were entertained at Fex, in Morocco. There are fifty-six railways in Ireland with not less than four hundred directors, and an army of employees; yet the total length of the roads does not exceed two thousand miles. The Russian Government has offered prizes amounting to \$7,500 for the best essays on the duties of cavalry in modern warfare. The papers may be written in any language. The old-fashioned four-horse stage coaches have just been revived as a means of travel between London and various places in the vicinity. France will hereafter make dueling a capital offense.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

GEORGE SAND is writing a drama.

SALVINI is playing at Booth's Theatre.

HERVE is preparing an Ashantee opera for London.

MISS PAULINE MARKHAM acts this summer in New Orleans.

WACHTEL has settled down at Homburg for the summer.

CAROLINE RICHINGS talks of taking her "Oldde Folkes" to England.

RUSSINSTEIN is to produce his oratorio, "The Dæmon," in Paris next winter.

THREE or four ladies are studying violin playing at the Royal Academy of Music in London.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has returned to New York and taken up her quarters at the Clarendon Hotel.

MILE ALBANI, the young American prima donna, who now ranks only after Patti in London, has appeared as *Ophelia* in Thomas's "Hamlet," at Covent Garden.

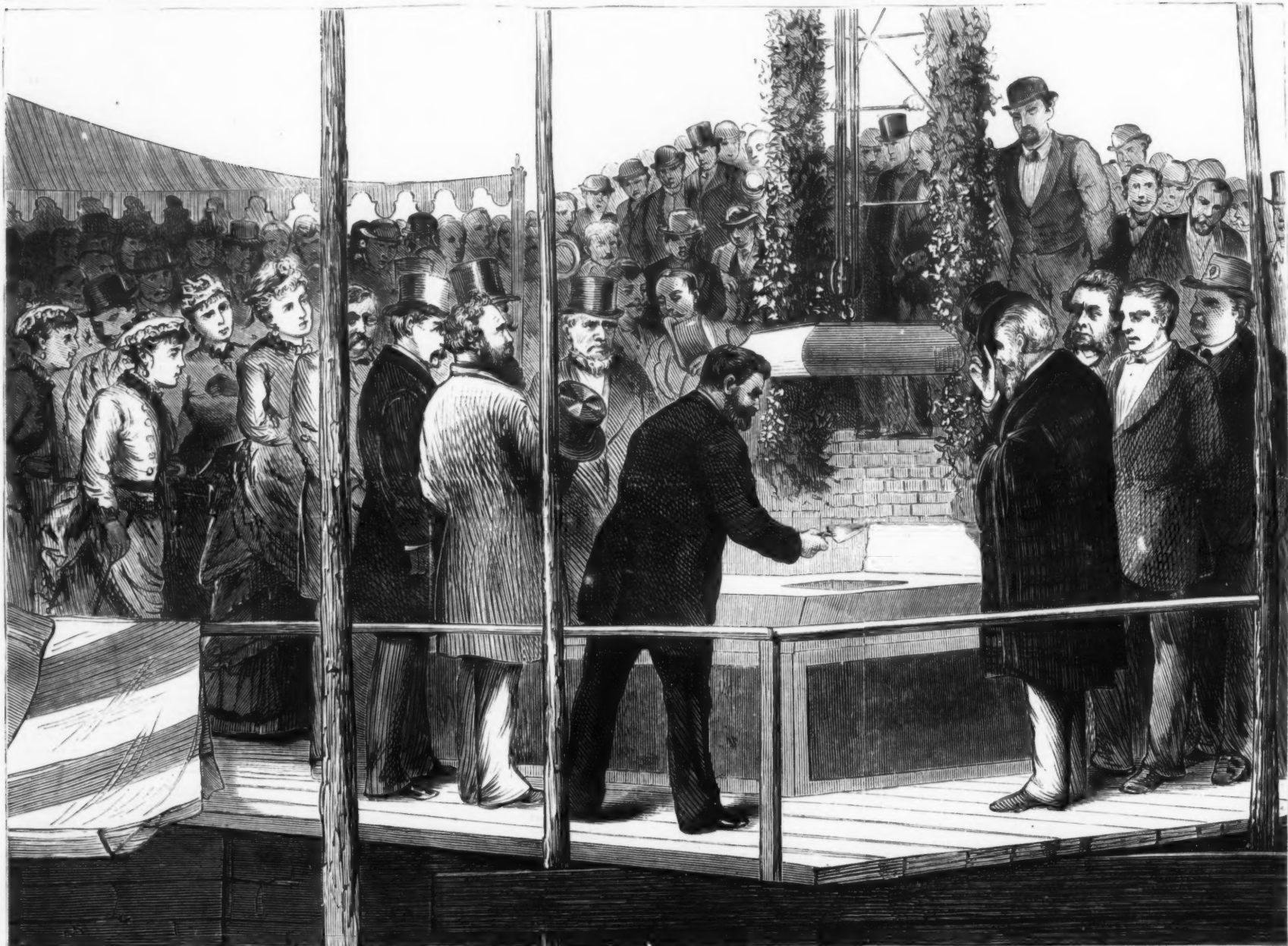
BOSTON is to have an English opera company of its own. Mrs. Flora E. Barry will be one of the principal artists. "Martha" will be the first opera produced.

MRS. SARAH F. AMES and GRACE GREENWOOD gave another successful entertainment in costume, consisting of readings in character with stage effects, in New York.

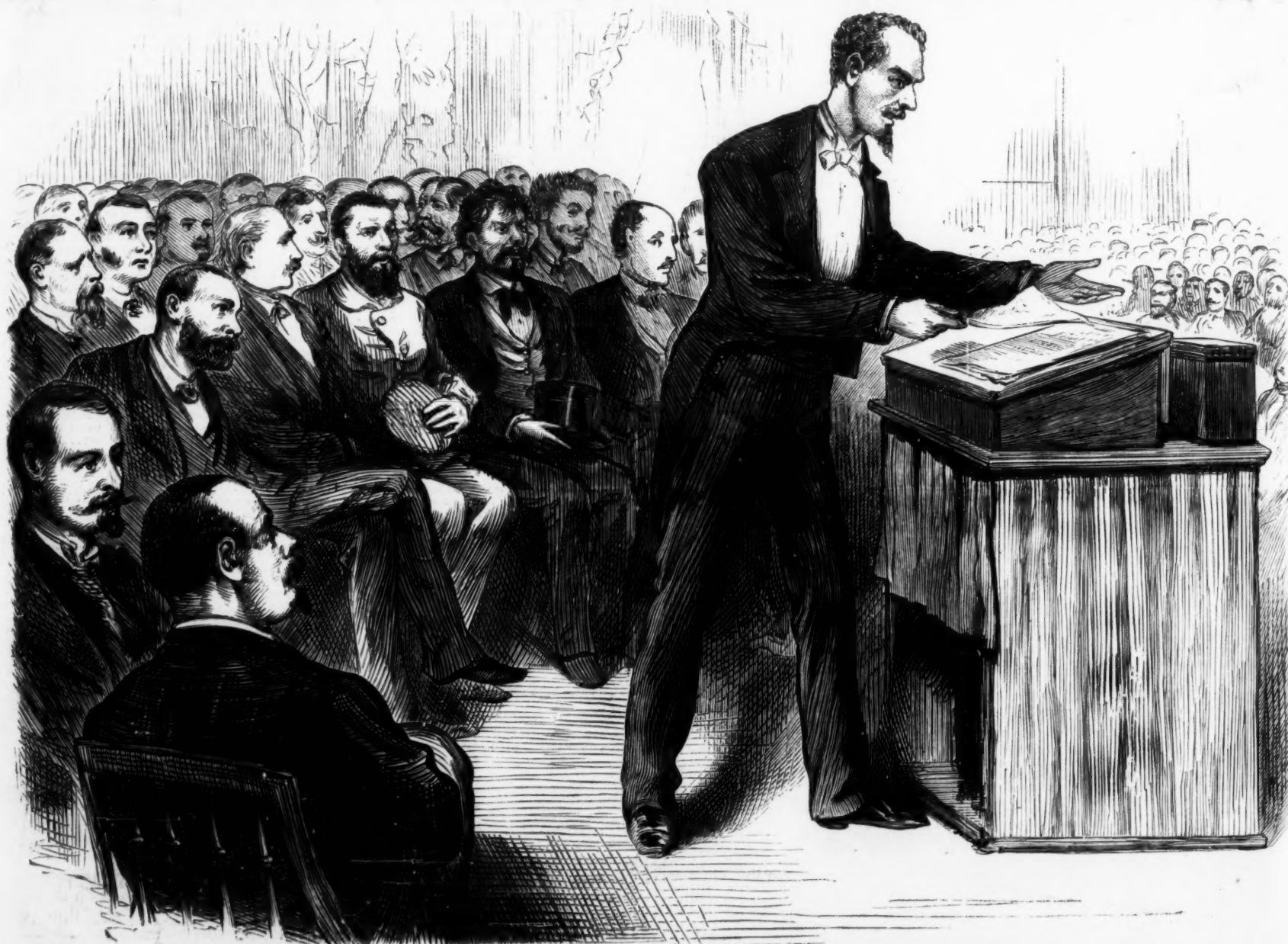
MRS. CHANFRAN—who was to have acted at the Union Square Theatre early in June—will not appear at that house, nor at any other theatre in New York, this summer.

A PROJECT is on foot among the actors and actresses of Philadelphia, who are unengaged during the summer season, to perform in that city, at a popular place of amusement, some attractive pieces.



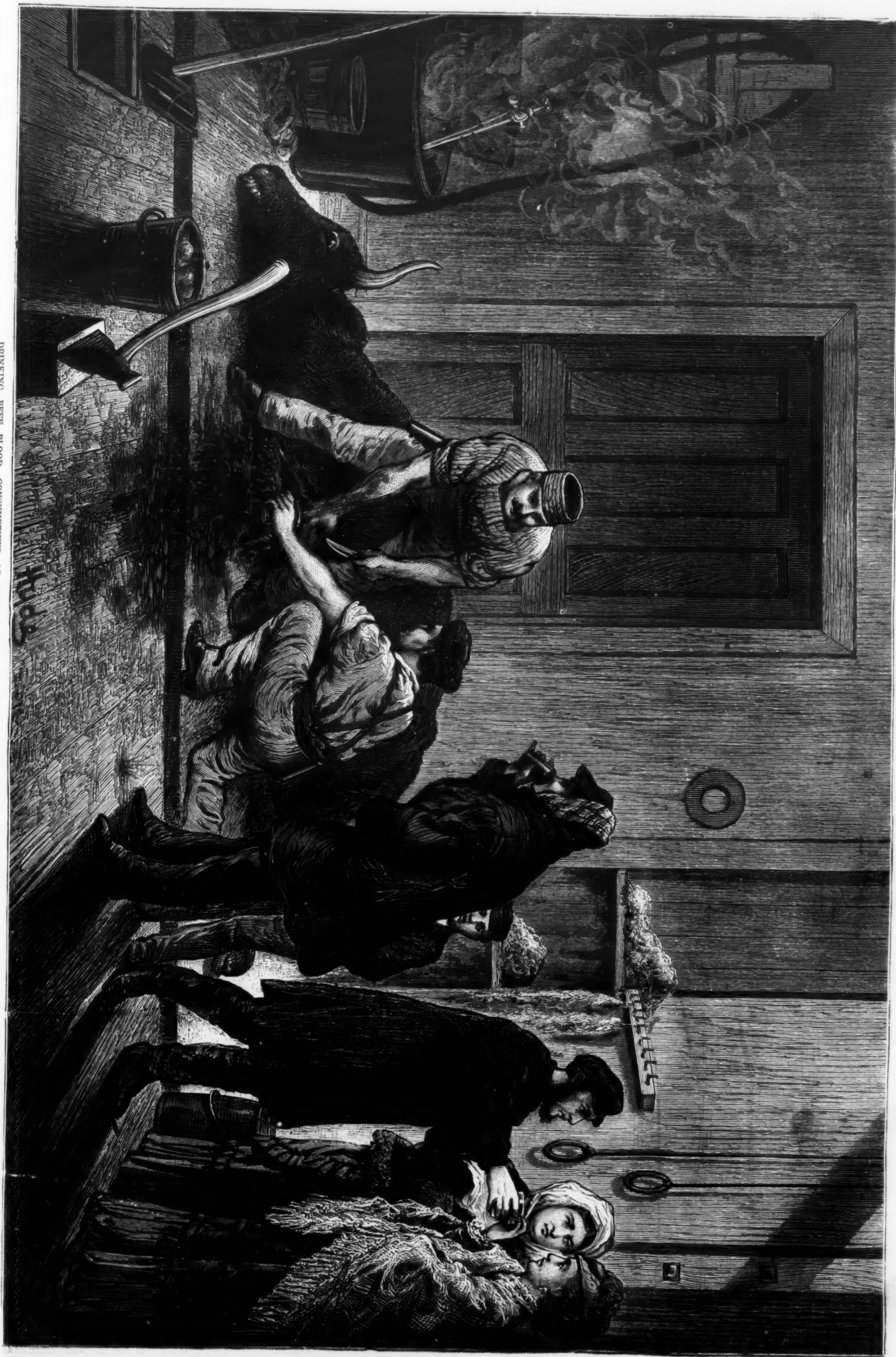


NEW YORK CITY.—GENERAL GRANT LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, AT MANHATTAN SQUARE, NEAR CENTRAL PARK, TUESDAY, JUNE 10.—SEE PAGE 229.



NEW YORK CITY.—HENRY HOOPER, THE COMMUNIST, IN HIS LECTURE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, JUNE 5TH.—SEE PAGE 231.





DRINKING BEEF BLOOD.—CONSUMPTIVES AT THE BRIGHTON ABATTOIR, BOSTON, MASS.—SKETCHED BY E. R. MORGAN.—SEE PAGE 231.



## SUNSET.

SITTING once in the twilight  
I watched the fire-flare  
Red glowing, and suddenly brightening  
Upon your face and hair.

It gave a strange light and shadow,  
An unfamiliar look;  
I had to learn you over again  
Bending over your book.

But when you broke the silence,  
And read those burning words  
Great poets have spent themselves to write,  
My heart leapt up towards

And to your voice made answer,  
Which, like a veil of pain,  
Or Autumn winds in swaying trees  
Did rise and fall again,

And rise; inspired by passion—  
By passion, hope, or dread—  
You seemed a poet then, and I  
Forgot you only read.

Then, turning over the pages,  
You read a song I knew;  
'Twas then the present vanished;  
There was nor I, nor you,

But a little child in a garden,  
Reading with a puzzled air  
An old hand-written volume,  
Finding those verses there.

For years 'twere tarnished covers  
That passion song had lain;  
The hand that wrote it slept beneath  
Two purple lilacs' rain.

## THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"  
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

"SEE here, sir," said the nobleman—"as the nearest male relative of the lady whose name you have dared to link with your own—"

"No, my lord, by heaven!" interrupted David, quickly. "You are mistaken."

"But I say 'Yes,' sir," intemperately corrected Strathgyle. "I am a witness of the fact, and require you to renounce your presumptuous claim in that room, publicly, in my presence, before I permit you to leave this place. You will also bind yourself never again to connect my cousin's name with that of Caergwyn."

"No, my lord," uttered David, slowly, "I will not bind myself to that."

"You will not?" hissed the other.

"No, I will not." And there was no mistaking the determined resolution in eye and tone.

"Then, sir," returned Strathgyle—they were very particular, these two, to give each other the formal titles of respect in their address—"then, sir," stepping back and raising his voice, "you are a coward and a liar and a presumptuous braggart! Here, gentlemen," turning to the group of officers who crowded up at the sound of the fray, "come forward, if you please, and hear what I have to say. I am Lord Strathgyle, of Stathgyle, at your service, and I say in the hearing of you all that this fellow is a coward, a liar, and a presumptuous braggart! I repeat it that there may be no mistake—a coward, a liar, and a presumptuous braggart! And this is how I brand such a one."

He lifted his open palm, and, ere David could guess his intent—so unused was the peaceful-hearted lad to such furious scenes of passion—Strathgyle had struck the young fellow a blow full in the face—that honest unshrinking young face which was still turned, with unwavering steadfastness, towards his accuser, and towards the group of astonished men crowding behind the infuriated nobleman.

David sprang like a young lion upon his assailant, but a dozen friendly arms tore him from his vengeance, and as many friendly voices counseled patience.

"Keep off, Caergwyn, keep off!" panted the captain, whose tongue had done the mischief. "This is not the time or place. Don't be afraid, my lord," with sarcastic irony—"we'll not let him hurt you."

Strathgyle turned on his heel disdainfully.

"I shall be here until to-morrow evening," said he, tossing down his card among them.

"Stop a moment!" cried David, struggling with his friends. "This is not true, and Lord Strathgyle knows it. 'Liar' and 'coward' belong to him, and not to me."

"Of course, but keep yourself cool. Ugh! What a muscular Welsh giant it is!" exclaimed the captain, who was five feet six, and was overweighted in the struggle.

"If any one wants me, he knows where to find me," called Strathgyle over his shoulder, as he strolled away with his hands in his pockets.

"And I'm your man," whispered the captain, who was an Irishman, in David's ear.

The colonel stood by and pulled his mustache with ominous gravity; the rest gathered round David, as he stood released, white and passive, under the captain's guard, and offered him, one by one, their hands to shake. The *esprit du corps* of the service was aroused, and the sympathies of the party were all enlisted in favor of the manly young fellow who had been subjected to such unwarrantable insult.

"Struck in uniform!" was repeated by more than one, as the party dispersed in two or three groups. "It is an insult to the whole regiment—to the whole service, in fact. Of course, there is only one alternative—unless he apologizes, which isn't likely, I should say."

"There's one thing, and only one, to be done to wipe it out, and I'll stand by you, Caergwyn," repeated the captain, as he led his prisoner away to the Castle.

But that one thing was the thing which good Doctor Milson had taught his young pupil to hold in abhorrence as a sin against God and man, and—Strathgyle was Lilius's cousin.

David lay awake all night, trying to reconcile the conflicting codes of duty before him.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

CAPTAIN TRACY walked in as David sat at his solitary breakfast in his room, the next morning. The young fellow looked pale and preoccupied; he had not been particularly successful in joining those two parallel lines which had haunted him through the night, and the failure told upon him. The captain's keen eyes scrutinized him narrowly.

"Well, Caergwyn," he began, "here I am, in good time, at your service. My lord must come down one way or the other," he added, laughing at his own grim jest.

Tracy was got up for the occasion, as David, glancing at him, perceived; his Irish blood was all boiling over with the pleasurable excitement of a real taste of mischief; it was not often that such an opportunity came in his way, and David's next words struck a cold chill to his heart. Was he, after all, to be talked of in this rare opportunity? Was it pluck the young fellow wanted? Captain Tracy had scarcely given him credit for that want, at all events.

"Thank you," David said, "for your friendship. I shall, if you will allow me, avail myself of it later; but I have decided, before taking any further steps in last evening's matter, to consult the colonel. I do not feel justified in acting by myself."

"Acting!" repeated the captain, impatiently. "Sure there's only one way to act: the whole mess will tell you the same. It lies in a nut-shell: you must either fight or resign. There's just no other way out of it at all, unless the man apologizes—and I don't think he will. Think of it—a blow in public, and you wearing her Majesty's uniform at the very time—to say nothing of the language! By all the saints, sir," cried the Irishman, striding up and down the room, "if a man called me a liar and a coward, I'd put a bullet into him next morning, or cram the words back again down his throat with the point of my sword—the sword which I wear to protect my own honor and the honor of the service! By all the saints I would! But perhaps your blood is cooler than mine, or you can swallow such sweet-meats better."

There was just a little touch of scorn in his tone; he did not understand his man, and he was impatient of the least delay. David's eyes flashed, just enough to show that there was fire underneath if he chose to give it play.

"I believe," said he, "that I can defend my own honor, and that of the service to which I am pledged, with the best of you, Captain Tracy. But," he added, with a simplicity which almost made the captain smile, "I am only a lad, and this is a very serious matter—the most serious I have ever had to deal with in my life. In the absence of those who have a right to advise me, I have decided to put myself in the colonel's hands."

"All right, then; go on, and I'll wait until you come back!" cried the captain, throwing himself into David's armchair. "There's no time to lose, and the colonel will just repeat my own advice to you. Be off with you, and catch him before he goes out."

David left the captain beating the "devil's tattoo" on the table, and walked down to the colonel's quarters.

Young as he was, he had recognized that it would not do to be whisked off his feet by the captain's Irish hotheadedness and vehemence. David realized the solemnity of the issues involved, and he could not lightly throw himself into such. His whole soul recoiled at the thought of shedding another man's blood, and that that man was his enemy only the more outraged the magnanimous nature of the lad.

He knew, too, that he had no right to risk his own life for the paltry vengeance of a personal quarrel—he shrank from bringing this trouble upon his father and upon Vyvyan—but his eye fired and his heart thrilled as he thought that it was for Vyvyan he was undergoing this ordeal. He understood, by one of those flashes of perception which come suddenly in the pondering of a difficult question, how Lord Strathgyle was confounding him with his brother, and avenging upon him the love of Vyvyan for Lilius, and, it might be—David's generous heart sprang up at the glad surmise—the love of Lilius for Vyvyan.

The ordeal lost all its sin and all its doubtfulness under this aspect, and David walked with a lighter step and a more erect brow. It seemed to him a glorious thing to take Vyvyan's place beneath the fire of Strathgyle—to quench in his own blood the enmity which might yet keep apart the two he loved best on earth—Lilius and Vyvyan. And if his own true heart contracted for an instant at the thought of the happiness it had missed for itself, he trampled down the jealous pang in an instant. He was only a lad, as he had said, and he was carried away by a noble if overstrained exaltation.

The colonel was a martinet in duty, just, if stern, and David felt that he could trust him. But he was a veteran in service, and he had lived through the days when the great hero and head of his profession had not hesitated to set the seal of his example on the bloodthirsty vindication of personal honor which Doctor Milson, in the inculcation of a higher morality, had taught David to shrink from as sin against the highest authority.

The colonel, like Captain Tracy, cast a sharp glance at the youngster's pale face and troubled brow, and, in a tone brief and incisive, as if he were giving the word of command, desired him to be seated; but David preferred to stand.

"I have come, sir," said he, "to beg your advice on the subject of the unfortunate occurrence last evening."

The colonel bowed, but remained silent, with raised eyebrows and the air of a man who reserves himself to hear further.

"I desire," went on David, simply, "to do what is right, without reference to my own feeling in the matter. I shall be much obliged by your opinion of my duty, and I shall endeavor to act in accordance with it."

"There can be but one opinion on the case, Mr. Caergwyn," said the colonel, unbending a little, for he liked the young fellow's manner. "Lord Strathgyle must apologize, without doubt. He has insulted the service in your person. We require, and you must demand, satisfaction: that is the rule," drawing himself up, "amongst officers and gentlemen."

David hesitated for an instant with a troubled shadow on his brow.

"I have been taught, sir—" he began.

"Yes, sir," interrupted the colonel, stiffly, "we have all been taught general principles, but we sometimes find it impossible to fit them into particular practice. There is a code of military honor to which every officer who enters her Majesty's service must subscribe, and to which he must, I fear, subordinate his other teaching."

"Thank you, sir," said David, as he drew a sigh of relief, bowed, and turned away. It was satisfactory to be plotted out of the perplexed line in which he had been wandering, into a definite path of duty, and it never occurred to him to question the decision of his superior—a man older than his own father, with the prestige of a long and honorable military career about him. "Thank you, sir," said he, with alacrity, and the cloud cleared away from his brow.

The colonel rose and held out his hand; his hasty doubts were not proof against something in the young fellow which appealed to his truer instinct.

"Good-morning, Mr. Caergwyn," said he. "You take with you my best wishes for a successful issue to this affair."

"Thank you," David returned, his face glowing at the unwonted softness of his superior; and then he went back to Captain Tracy.

"Well, what is it to be?" cried that officer, at sight of him.

"The colonel indorses your opinion," was all David answered.

"Of course he does," retorted the other. "Then

I'm off. But first tell me, Caergwyn, did you offer Lord Strathgyle any provocation? I did not hear the beginning of the quarrel. Was it your fault or his?"

"His, most certainly. Lord Strathgyle first of all stood in the doorway and refused to allow me to pass, and then attacked me in reference to a matter which I cannot allow to be again discussed."

"Some old quarrel?"

"No. Lord Strathgyle labors under a false impression."

"You told him so?"

"As well as he would let me. He was in a passion, and would not hear me speak."

"Then, if this old matter could be explained now, in cold blood, it might be arranged yet," suggested Tracy, in rather a low-spirited way. "Lord Strathgyle would apologize if he were satisfied."

"Scarcely," returned David; "I do not think he will apologize, and it cannot be explained."

Tracy whistled softly.

"I see," he said, nodding significantly; "there's a lady mixed up in it?"

David did not answer.

"Then," persisted the captain, "I understand that I cannot allude to that part of the business."

"No," returned David, emphatically.

At this point the captain suddenly remembered the command of his Shorncliffe friend.

"Upon my soul," said he to himself, as he walked off at last on his exciting errand, "I believe we spotted the truth there! Strathgyle must be a rejected lover; and in that case he won't apologize. It must be riding to be cut out by a sprig of a lad like that, too," concluded the captain of five-and-thirty, pulling complacently at his fine growth of whiskers as he strode along towards the "Lord Warden." "But the women are so unaccountable sometimes; and they generally make much of a fresh, fair-faced innocent youngster. I must confess myself there's something mighty taking about the lad, and it's a feather in his cap to have carried off his prize from under the nose of a peer of the realm. No," concluded the captain, decisively, as he walked up the steps of the hotel with the solemnity of deportment due to the business he had in hand—"my lord will not apologize."

And "my lord" did not. On the contrary, he exerted himself to aggravate the *casus belli* of the previous day, and was altogether so coolly insolent, so languidly aggressive, and so provokingly impracticable, that the hotheaded Irishman found it extremely difficult to maintain the ceremonial programme he had laid out for the conduct of the affair, and was by times divided between a lively inclination to pitch the exasperated lord momentarily out of the window and an urgent desire to call him out on his own account.

"Then, my lord," finally concluded the ambassador, very red in the face from the effect of restraining these two inclinations of his natural man, "there is nothing left, I presume, but for you to name your friend and allow the preliminaries to be arranged without delay."

"Certainly, sir," returned Strathgyle, drawing towards him a Dover Visitor's List—he pushed aside a letter he had received that morning in doing so—and, running his eyes down the column of names, he added, "I may be fortunate enough to find some friend here who will do me that service. I'm—um—Trevor, Major Trevor, Waterloo Crescent. I will see the major at once, and he shall call on you. I have the honor to wish you good-morning, sir."

"He means fight, and nothing else will do for him; and he shall have it, too, with the greatest pleasure in life, the ill-conditioned bully!" said Captain Patrick Tracy to himself, as he walked away, rubbing his hands.

Lord Strathgyle, left to himself, gathered up the letters he had just tossed out of his dispatch-box. One of them he dropped again, as if it were a viper, and had stung him; then, as if some after-thought had struck him, he picked up the scented sheet with gold and purple monogram, and spread it before him.

It was from Lady Strathgyle, and contained this passage, which he re-read carefully:

"The mystery of Lilius's conduct is explained. She is engaged already to the young fellow of whom she spoke once or twice—the son of Elaine's landlord, down there in Wales—Caergwyn. The rapidity of the *déroulement* proves that the thing has been in her mind some time. I had the news to-day from Lady Dunford, who is in great spirits about it. The young man is his father's heir—a baronet—and the estate is a good one. I hear. But he must be very young—Lady Dunford admits as much. She said, moreover, that the thing had been talked of in the country for at least months past."

"Elaine must be horribly vexed; but she has no one to blame for the foolish affair but herself. As for us, I am glad the whole matter is thus definitely settled. There is no accounting for the freaks and vagaries of girls of the present day, but I should really have expected less folly of one of our family. Well, we will leave Lilius to her boy-lover, and try to hope she may never regret her choice. She has, at least, shown us how little we have to regret. Your affectionate mother,"

"L. STRATHGYLE."

Lord Strathgyle read this passage deliberately, and then he tore the note into strips, and, striking a match, lighted his cigar with the perfumed fragments, gold monogram and all; after which he strolled out in the direction of Waterloo Crescent, to make arrangements for his trip to Calais, walking at his usual leisurely pace, and puffing tranquilly at his Havana as he walked.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

OLD Morgan, with his watchful satellites, his faithful dogs, in attendance upon him, stood muttering and grumbling and shading his eyes with his hand as he looked out over the darkening landscape. He was old and bent now, and his long gray locks streaming in the wind gave him the look of an ancient wizard with his familiars about him. The animals were restless and uneasy—it was past feeding-time—and walked round and round him as he peered anxiously forth and grumbled at the signs of the weather.

"There's a storm coming up, Mr. Vyvyan," said he—for the young man strode up behind him at the moment. "Look how the clouds hang over the Hall! Do you see how they shape themselves—like an uplifted arm? You could fancy 'twas some black demon up there shaking his fist at Caergwyn. Ah," hitting his own hand towards the threatening phantasm, "you're not the first evil spirit that has had its spite of Caergwyn!"

"Hush, Morgan," said Vyvyan, as he stood for a minute by the old man's side on the crest of the hill and watched the dark cloud army forming itself in battle array above the Gray House. "Why should every storm that beats down the mountain be a menace for Caergwyn?"

He spoke impatiently; he had been fighting a hard battle with himself, as he tramped, at a speed which smothered the tumult of his mind, over the wide, silent moor, and he had come out serene and wounded from the conflict. He could not bear the jar of old Morgan's theme.

"Poor Caergwyn!" commiserated the old man, shaking his head. "It's been the sport of the Evil One ever since Mr. John went away, and it'll never be delivered from that hold until he's found again. It's no use, Mr. Vyvyan—there's no fighting against Fate and the powers which be stronger than we. It's no use—it's not to be. There's mutterings by night, and whisperings all round, and spirit-wings rustling until the maids is afraid to go about the house. The whole spirit-world is up in arms; there's no fighting against them."

"Morgan, these fancies will turn your brain," said Vyvyan.

"I thought 'twas Sir Owen," continued the old man, musingly, and Vyvyan, in spite of himself, shuddered at the reference; "but it's more than that. I knew it the first day the young lady came into the house—and a handsome, taking young lady she is, too; the spirits is against her. Why, you saw it your-elf, Mr. Vyvyan—the mark on her forehead—as plain as words, and plainer. Ye'll never dare to fly in the face of such warning, and lead the pretty innocent lamb to destruction, and break your own heart, like your father's? Ye'll never dare, Mr. Vyvyan?"

Vyvyan only raised his hand with a gesture which the privileged old servant disregarded.

"Now, if it had been Mr. David—"

"Silence, Morgan!" shouted Vyvyan, in a tone which made the old man start as if he had seen one of his own ghosts. Never had either of his young masters spoken to him in that tone before, and Morgan felt that some terrible crisis did indeed impend at Caergwyn.

He stood open-mouthed, watching his young master as he disappeared within the shadow of the heavy portal, and then he whistled to his dogs and took his way to the stables, too astounded to snub the young helpers after his usual fashion when put out.

Doctor Milson was with Sir Owen, and Vyvyan went straight to his own room. He was vexed with himself for his loss of temper with the old game-keeper, who had grown old and half-crazed in the service of the family, he argued, and needed all the more the consideration of the masters he had so faithfully served; and he was too unstrung for his usual resource of work.

He had not accepted the hard sentence Sir Owen had pronounced without a terrible struggle. In vain he tried to tell himself that his father was old and broken in health, and had suffered a great affliction, which had warped his mind and judgment; the old early training and the atmosphere of family superstition were like bonds of iron, and, struggle as he might, he could not break them—he dared not, for his very love's sake. And yet it seemed to him at that moment as if it would have been easier to die than turn his face thus away from the glorious sunshine to the cold gray shadow-life left to him.

Then, in the cup given him to drink, there was one drop of exceeding bitterness. His father and Morgan, by a strange coincidence of thought which at that moment of agitated excitement struck him as almost prophetic, had raised again an old spectre to haunt him—David. Must even that other love, the dearest earthly possession left to him, be poisoned thus? Must one of the two who had loved so truly and faithfully all their lives stand upon the other's heart to reach his own happiness? It was against this that Vyvyan most rebelled.

He spread out his papers before him as the night wore on, and the house sank into such stillness as the stormy, sweeping wind permitted; but the tempest of his own mind could not be calmed.

"It is of no use!" cried he, then, dashing down his pen and starting to his feet. "I write her name in every sentence. I see her face in every page. I am haunted by her image until I am tempted to believe in old Morgan's spirits, and to think I am possessed. I am nothing better than a slave, an abject slave! I, who have sworn to overcome giants, cannot conquer myself—am powerless to say to this swelling flood, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no further.' My work is paralyzed, my life broken, and I cannot help it!"

Then, in that lonely night-hour—the hour which has most power to depress the spirit—the superstitions so carefully instilled in childhood reasserted their influence, and gave a despairing color to his reflections.

"Is the Moloch of our house never to be satisfied?" he demanded, bitterly. "Must he always, in every generation, require a sacrifice? and must it always be of the choicest and best? It is a cruel and relentless fate which sets us two apart!" His thoughts had turned, with even more than usual of the old brotherly affection, to David. "Is not one such sacrifice enough in the history of a family?"

He took up his lamp and wandered out, scarcely knowing what he did, into the corridor on to which his room opened, and stood still on the threshold, arrested by the picture of Sir Vyvyan and his bride, and the lost unhappy John. He stood long, looking up at the pictured faces with a new interest, striving to trace out the outline of a mortal anguish, to read the tragedy of those three lives beneath the calm beauty the painter had alone reproduced.

That picture was now to him the allegory of his own life; it seemed to speak to him with a prophetic voice of warning—to menace him with a hopeless doom of despair.

He turned away at last, and tried to shake off the influence. He threw open his window and looked out upon the wild night, and watched the wrack of storm-driven clouds, as they ever and anon threw themselves in ragged fragments—like a rent veil—from before the face of the moon, leaving her to throw weird shadow-phantoms from the trees over the pleasure lawn.

Vyvyan extinguished his lamp and sat there, regardless of the chill night-air, listening to the moan of the wind, and finding the wild wailing of the storm in unison with his own gloomy mood.

Beneath his window lay the terrace where, according to Morgan, the ghostly Sir Vyvyan was wont to do battle with the black horseman for his lost brother. Vyvyan could fancy that just such a night as this might be chosen for the ghostly tournament.

Even as the thought crossed his mind a clap of thunder rolled over the Gray House, echoing amongst the neighboring hills with endless reverberation, and—what trick was his imagination playing him?—with its solemn roll were mingled the clash of swords and the deep shouts of angry combatants.

It could be only imagination; yet he rose and thrust himself almost out of the narrow window to look down more closely upon the terrace. At that moment a broad glare of lightning illuminated the whole scene as with the light of day, and—

Vyvyan was brave, but his heart stood still for an instant—not with terror, but with the astounding realization of that which had been hitherto but a half-coherent faith rejected by his higher reason. For on the terrace below was being enacted the very scene so dramatically described by old Morgan. By the lightning's vivid glare the young man beheld the black horseman and the white meet each other with a shock which made the dark warrior reel in his saddle.



"Give me back my brother!" demanded the white horseman.

"It is done; you have won at last!" shrieked the other, as he turned and fled before his adversary.

The din of the battle overpowered the howling of the storm as Sir Vyvyan hurled himself upon his foe, and drove him through the shrubberies and over the lawn and flower-beds to the river's bank, where he vanished with a yell of impotent fury, and black darkness settled like a pall over the scene.

Vyvan awoke with the rain beating in his face from the open window, and the shout of the white horseman still in his ears. The early dawn was stealing grayly over the landscape, and the wind had sunk to a murmur.

"Mr. Caergwyn, sir!"

Vyvan looked forth and saw a figure muffled in a military overcoat standing on the terrace beneath his window.

"Who are you?"

The answer came up: "Private Jones, of the —th; Mr. David's own man, if you please, sir."

(To be continued.)

## ICELAND'S MILLENNIAL.

By JAMES R. YOUNG.

Far away, on the very confines of the Arctic zone, there is an island which has for a long time attracted but little attention. Its place among the nations was once conspicuous; but its climate was then different from now, and its soil more productive. The whole aspect of the island was, indeed, unlike what it is to-day. A thousand years ago, when first discovered, it possessed extensive forests, which have since disappeared.

The Northmen migrated there in considerable numbers from Norway, Denmark, Sweden, the Faroe Islands, and the Hebrides, but principally from Norway, whence they fled from the tyranny of their kings. It was indeed a sort of Plymouth Rock to the persecuted subjects of Harald Harlagra—the of the fair hair—who made a vow, and kept it, that his hair should never be cut until he had broken the power of the Jarls, and concentrated the authority which they had wielded in his own hands. Too feeble to make further resistance, and too proud to remain after their subjugation, they fled with their families and followers to this island. They took with them cattle and sheep, and large herds and flocks were soon reared upon the rich and abundant pastures of the extensive meadows.

The island produced everything necessary to satisfy their needs. Its lakes and rivers abounded with various kinds of fish; water-fowl and game were plentiful. They imported horses, constructed roads, and extended their facilities for intercommunication. At an early day they had established a considerable trade with the ports of Europe. They founded a republican form of government and a literature. They recorded, with lyric characters, the Sagas of their ancestors, and gave form to the Norse religion. The soul of Anglo-Saxon literature and the spirit of Anglo-Saxon law gained new life from the example of this lone, lonely, far-distant island commonwealth. In this hardy, liberty-loving people we discover that same independence of spirit which resulted in the Magna Charta and our common law. It was a great poet of this island who gave to the world "The Sublime Discourse" of Odin, and their great lawgivers who first gave form to Norse jurisprudence.

Its peculiar climate lends it a special interest. In summer the sun scarcely leaves the heavens, and the atmosphere becomes surprisingly warm. Vegetation is of rapid growth, and is in places extremely vigorous. In winter the sun gives but little light and less heat. Constant cold succeeds constant warmth, and the trembling hues of the aurora-borealis and the weird brightness of the moon guide the footsteps of the traveler.

It was first discovered by Naddothr, a Norwegian Viking, in the year 800, although it is more than probable that some Irish monks had been there before. He saw its lofty mountains covered with eternal snow, and called it the Snow Land. Garthar, a Swede, circumnavigated it four years later, and in 867 Flokki, surnamed the Raven, on account of the bird he turned loose to guide his course, surveyed the southern part of it, and called it Iceland. Then Ingolfur and Hjordleifer landed there in 870 and began its colonization. This was at the time Harald the Fair-haired was persecuting the Jarls. The great migration then began. On the 2d of August, 871, the colonists assembled themselves together and founded the Republic—the first of Northern Europe—whose descendants celebrate this year their thousandth anniversary.

They have gone through those thousand years without material change. Their language is unchanged, their laws are intact, and, except in their warlike disposition, their habits scarcely differ. From warriors, who tilled the soil and caught fish, and captured game in the intervals of their more hardy pursuits, they have gradually become a pastoral people, educated, hospitable and kind. They have sometimes changed their relation with the country of their origin, but neither their customs nor their character.

Although practically a free Republic from the first, they were not wholly free from dependence upon Norway. No formal recognition of any real allegiance was, however, made until 1261, which was by a decree of Althing or general parliament of the people, when Hakon was the Norwegian King. But no tribute was exacted, and the Icelanders were allowed to hold civil offices and acquire honors in the parent country. In 1380 the Crown of Norway was annexed to Denmark, and from that time to the present the silken bond which had held Iceland to Norway has still held it to Denmark. The Danish King now grants them an absolutely free constitution, which absolves them from their feeble allegiance, and on their millennial day, on the same lava-beds of Thingvall where the Althing met annually for a thousand years, from the Lagberg, or law mound, it will be proclaimed as a part of the celebration that the Republic of Iceland is wholly free now, as it was in the beginning.

It will be a singular and unprecedented spectacle a government celebrating its thousandth anniversary. There is an air of romance in the very act, which will excite the attention of the whole world. Thousands of curious people will flock there, and millions who have thought of Iceland only as a land of bleakness and barren hills will be surprised to discover in the far Arctic seas a people worthy of their sympathy and admiration. For we know it only by its great ice-covered mountains, its desert plains, its isolation in a dreary, ice-encumbered sea adjacent to the Polar Ocean, which rolls there in its vast loneliness.

Remarkable as regards the people, their history, their customs, their laws and learning, the island is yet doubly interesting as a geological phenomenon, which will attract many students, not only to witness a great event and take part in its pageantry, but to behold those great snow and ice-clad mountains

which, far more than its people, have given it its world-wide character. It will, indeed, be something worth all the trouble and inconvenience of a long voyage to see the lofty volcanoes, which have thrown forth fire and smoke through their everlasting ridges of frost. Even now fiery eruptions take place, and streams of molten lava burst from fissures in the rock. Volumes of black, sulphurous vapor are emitted from yawning craters, and showers of ashes are blown away before the winds over land and sea for many a league. Heat and cold are for ever struggling for the mastery, and the violence of the contrast between the opposing forces of nature which are in perpetual strife makes the spectacle one of appalling sublimity. For, while with the Arctic regions we associate frost, and with the tropics heat, Chimborazo, crowned with snow under the equator, is a less startling spectacle than Hecla, blazing beneath the pole.

Whether, therefore, we consider the grand scenery of Iceland itself, its people, or its long-established Government, there is abundance to satisfy the highest anticipations of the throng that shall gather this Summer on the lava plains of Thingvall to celebrate its thousand years of existence.

## MONTE CRISTO OF THE PACIFIC.

A FEW weeks since, the schooner *Witch Queen* sailed from San Francisco for Cocos Island and the pearl fisheries in the Gulf of Dulce, and it has been stated that the projectors of the expedition expected to obtain the treasure presumably buried on the island. In the event of a failure the vessel was to proceed to the pearl fisheries, otherwise she was expected at San Francisco within six months. It transpires that the New York capitalists who have engaged to foot the bills of the expedition take stock in the story of David Sutherland, of Valjejo, which is as follows: "In the year 1835, when I was about eighteen years of age, I shipped as one of a crew of twelve on board the barkentine *Mary Deer*, bound from Bristol, England, to Valparaiso. On the way out the captain died, leaving but eleven souls on board the vessel. After having discharged our cargo at Valparaiso we proceeded off the coast to Peru, and anchored off a Peruvian fort, a few miles above Callao. At this time a war existed between the Peruvian and Chilean Governments. In the fort was gathered a large amount of gold, silver, jewels and other valuable property, for safe-keeping. An attack on the fort was considered certain, and to keep it from the enemy the treasure was carried on board of the *Mary Deer*. After the treasure was placed on board our vessel we were tempted by the glittering millions, and formed the design of running away with the precious freight. The cable was cut, the sails were spread, and our little craft stood out to sea.

"As soon as the Peruvians were made certain that we had taken flight they immediately gave chase with two or three vessels. But our vessel was a very swift sailer, and soon left the pursuers far behind. We were now in undisputed possession of the treasure, with no immediate fear of capture. In the hold of our little craft was wealth sufficient to supply us all with princely opulence; but how was it to be disposed of?

"After many plans had been proposed and rejected, it was decided to bury it upon Cocos Island. Ten boat-loads were, one after another, conveyed to the beach and buried there. I do not know the amount of money, but it was said to be many millions; some of it in boxes, and some in hides. Reaching back from the shore where we made our landing is a piece of level ground, about two acres. This piece of land lies at the foot of a mountain, down the side of which runs a stream of water. We followed this stream, and near its head, at the foot of the mountain, on the piece of level ground, selected the spot where we buried the treasure.

"After leaving the island we encountered a heavy storm, had our sails carried away, were driven by the wind to the coast of Peru, where we were captured, taken to Callao, tried, and sentenced to be shot. That sentence was carried into effect against eight of us, but I and two others were placed on board of a Government vessel, and promised that if we would show where the treasure was concealed we should be pardoned. In hopes that some chance of our escape would offer, we told them that the money was buried on the Gallapagos Islands, and the ship was immediately started to get it. On our way we, for some cause that I never knew, put into the Bay of Panama, and while there the captain and nearly all of the crew were taken sick. One of my companions died, as well as several of the crew and some of the officers of the vessel. One dark night a breeze sprung up, and a whaling vessel that had been lying alongside of us weighed her anchor and put to sea.

"Just as she was going out, I and my companion slid down the side of the vessel and swam to the whaler. The captain was glad to get us, for he had lost some of his men while at Panama.

"We were on board of this whaler several years, but when she came to San Francisco we left her and went to the mines. My companion has done well, and is now living in Napa; his name is Charles Stuart. I have lived at Valjejo for many years, and am well known there."

## MINERAL WEALTH OF VIRGINIA.

THE recent opening of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway from Richmond, on James River, to Huntington, on the Ohio, and the consequent laying open of a large tract of country hitherto almost inaccessible, has directed much attention in the United States to the resources of a district perhaps the richest and most valuable in mineral wealth of any in America. The railway crosses, at an oblique angle, several parallel belts of useful minerals. Near Richmond is a triassic coal-field long known and worked, though the coal is not first-rate and the expense of getting it is considerable. To the west of this belt is a large deposit of iron pyrites, much of it auriferous. Still further west is Charlottesville, where the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway is crossed by another of older date, abounding on both sides with some of the purest and finest magnetic oxides of iron known. These ores are very free from all injurious mixture.

A little further west there are several bands, or, rather, one band, presented in several folds of exceedingly pure and rich brown hematites. Parallel with these is another line of railway, partly opened, connecting with the North. After an interval of one hundred miles we come upon the coal measures. The lower part contains a few good seams, but the middle part is exceptionally rich and valuable. There is here about sixty feet of coal in several workable seams, and a thickness of less than three hundred yards in measure. The seams are intersected by the deep and picturesque gorge of New River and the Kanawha, and reached by numerous tributaries. They can be worked with great ease at small cost, and no coals in the world can be better adapted for the coal-cutting machine. Some of the seams have been opened, and are in

moderately active work, yielding three kinds of coal: splint, a hard variety, well adapted for steam and marine engines; cannel, greatly valued for enriching gas; and a moderately rich bituminous coal, good for household use, and believed to make excellent coke for iron-making and locomotives.

All these minerals are capable of being worked as soon as the coal-fields are open, and it is satisfactory to know that measures are being taken to do this, and that English capital is being diverted in this direction. One English company has already started, and a branch rail is being constructed to enter the coal-seam and carry the mineral to the main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. The coal is here about 150 miles from the iron ore, and iron can certainly be made for a price not exceeding \$15 per ton, either where the ore occurs or where the coal is worked. Besides coal and iron, there are valuable deposits of kaolin and china clay; brine springs that have been used for a century to make salt; important deposits of cornum used in making emery; exceedingly good mica in large plates, and a great deal of steatite or soap-stone. The development of these minerals is likely before long to alter very materially the relative importance of Virginia and West Virginia among the States.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A VERY fine variety of furnace slag has recently been used for lining ring stones. In tint and quality it is said closely to resemble lapis lazuli.

SIGNOR L. M. D'ALBERTIS, the distinguished Italian traveler, lately penetrated into the mountains of New Guinea, and discovered the remarkable bird of Paradise which bears his name (*Drepanornis albertis*).

MARSH GAS.—A curious phenomenon happened at Belfast recently while some men were sinking a well. A light having been let fall, a flash overspread the bottom of the well; and a pipe about sixty feet long having been conveyed from the bottom of the well to the second story of a building, the gas was ignited, and continued burning all day. The strata passed through in digging the well were esturine, clay, gravel, boulder clay, and new red sandstone. The gas has been proved to be marsh gas (carbureted hydrogen) probably generated in the decomposed vegetable matter, which abounds in the lower stratum of the esturine clay, in which were also vast numbers of fossil shells.

A HINT ABOUT LOOKING-GLASSES.—It is a fact well known, but which does not seem to be generally understood, that the amalgam of tin-foil with mercury, which is spread on glass plates to make looking glasses, is very readily crystallized by actinic solar rays. A mirror hung where the sun can shine on it is usually spoiled; it takes a granulated appearance familiar to housekeepers, though they may not be acquainted with the cause of the change. In such a state the article is nearly worthless, the continuity of its surface is destroyed, and it will not reflect outlines with any approach to precision. Care must therefore be exercised in hanging.

TEXTILE FABRICS.—An account given of a series of experiments lately made abroad on disinfection by means of heat shows that white wool, cotton, linen, silk and paper may be heated to two hundred and fifty degrees, Fahrenheit, for three hours, without apparent injury, although the wool exhibits a faint change in color, especially when new. The same may be said of dyed wools and printed cottons, and of most dyed silks; only one kind of white silk easily turns brown by this heat, and pink silks of some kinds are also faded by it. The same temperature, it is found, if continued for a longer period, slightly changed the color of white wool, cotton, silk, paper, and unbleached linen, but did not otherwise injure them. A heat of two hundred and ninety-five degrees, continued for about three hours, more decidedly singes white wool, and, in a less degree, unbleached and white cotton and white silk, white paper, also linen, both unbleached and white, but without materially injuring their appearance. The same heat continued for about five hours singes and damages the appearance of white wool and cotton, unbleached linen, white silk and paper, some colored fabrics of wool, or mixed wool and cotton, also mixed wool and silk. The singeing of any of the fabrics was found to depend not alone upon the heat used, but also on the length of time during which it was exposed.

INFLUENCE OF PINE FORESTS ON HEALTH.—Dr. Wilson, Medical Director of the United States Navy, contributes to the last number of the *Sanitarian* a very able and interesting article on "Drainage for Health," in the course of which he advances a new theory in regard to the proverbial healthfulness of the "pine districts." Discarding the generally accepted impression that their salubrity is due to the turpentine, or to the thick carpeting of pine leaves or "shucks," he argues that the credit is to be given to the roots of the pine-trees and the peculiar manner of their decay. As the trees of a pine forest get too thick to thrive, the large and more vigorous crowd out the weaker. The latter die, and the long tap-root which penetrates the surface, and beneath the hard pan or subsoil, forms a sink or drain through which the superabundant waters find a ready outlet. As the pine-tree is a rapid grower, the writer suggests that "it thus appears easy to make a healthy place for a village almost anywhere, as we have only to scatter a few pine-trees on any suitable piece of land, and wait for three or four years. The Naval Hospital at Norfolk, Va., is separated from very malarious fields by a pine grove about three hundred feet wide, and this is found to be amply sufficient." Assuming this theory to be correct—it certainly bears the impress of common sense—we have not only the key to the healthfulness of the "Pines" in New Jersey and other sections, but a valuable suggestion which is well worthy a practical test, and far more likely to prove a success than the fever-preventing Eucalyptus, which for some time past has been engaging so much of public attention.

THE MIXED OR HALF-BREED RACES OF NORTHWESTERN CANADA.—The mixed races are nine in number, viz., the progeny of (1) the Anglo-Saxon father and Indian mother; (2) the French and French Canadian father and Indian mother; (3) the Anglo-Saxon father and mixed Anglo-Saxon and Indian mother; (4) the French father and mixed French and Indian mother; (5) the "half-breed" Anglo-Saxon and Indian as father and mother; (6) the "half-breed" French and Indian as father and mother; (7) the descendants proceeding from intermarriage of 5th class; (8) the descendants proceeding from intermarriage of 6th class; (9) the mixed or "half-breed" father and Indian mother. Those nine divisions include the principal mass of the mixed peoples of Manitoba. The French and Anglo-Saxons and their descendants rarely intermarry. Marked change in physique, which is common to all the classes enumerated, quickly follows the removal of Europeans to American soil. The complexion becomes swarther, and more nearly resembles the type of native Americans than one would suppose. That change is due to climatic influences, to different food, and to altered customs. On the whole, there is a tendency, in all the mixed races, to the Indian rather than to the European type. They cannot be said to possess any objectionable peculiarities; they are not more inclined to the abuse of alcohol or to other irregularities than the pure whites; and it would be difficult to find a people who have fewer faults. Some of the families of the pure white and pure Indian are often very numerous, sometimes reaching the number of fifteen; but four to six is the average.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

COLONEL THOMAS A. SCOTT will be fifty years old next Fall.

FRENCH orators are lecturing on Benjamin Franklin in Paris.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is going to Newport for the Summer.

STORREY, of the *Chicago Times*, has two \$50,000 libel suits on hand.

EMPEROR EUGENIE is to reside in the Castle of Arenenberg, Switzerland.

TWO TRANSLATIONS of Byron's "Childe Harold" have appeared at Florence within a year.

THE King of Siam has had a dinner service of silver made in London at a cost of \$50,000.

BEN PERLEY POORE writes from Washington that old naval officers are indorse hazing at Annapolis.

CLARENCE KING is to address the graduating class of the Yale Scientific School at its Commencement.

AN autograph letter of George Washington was sold at auction in Boston recently for twenty-five dollars.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, editor of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, is to build a monument over the grave of Edgar Allan Poe.

LINCOLN'S monument at Springfield, Ill., is to be dedicated next October, and President Grant will be asked to deliver the oration.

SOME one was talking with Thiers about France. "Don't say France," interrupted the veteran statesman, "call it the Duchy of Magenta."

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD lost his two most intimate friends—Agassiz and Sumner—and now his wife has died, leaving an infant only a week old.

MR. STRAKOSCH has secured the New York Academy of Music for two years. Neither Nilsson, Torriani, Capoul nor Campanini will return next season.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE is one of about fifty priests and deacons of the English Church who relinquished holy orders between 1870 and 1873. He was a deacon.

THE *Detroit Free Press* editor says that he hasn't subscribed for a monument to General Lyon until he knows whether the Chicago manager has an extravagant family.

THREE new paintings by Bierstadt are exhibiting at Boston. The largest on canvas measures six by ten feet, and represents a scene in California at the headwaters of King River.

THE police of Charleston, S. C., are described as amiable-looking loungers dressed in blue sack-coats, blue pants with a white stripe, and Panama hats with long black streamers.

E. J. SMALLEY, one of the Washington correspondents of the *New York Tribune*, and who represented that paper at the Vienna Exposition, is to take charge of the *Tribune* bureau in Philadelphia.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON received \$6,000 for the engraving copyright of her celebrated picture in the Royal Academy of London, "The Roll-call in the Crimea," and it is said that the Queen has given her a commission.

MR. DISRAELI'S ill health is causing considerable anxiety to his friends, and it is rumored that he may find it necessary to withdraw for a few months from the duties of Premier, which, in the meantime, will be performed by Earl Derby.

LIPPMAN, the "Clockman," is one of the characters of Paris, having been for thirty years attached to the *Opéra-Comique*. He calculates that during his "career" he has had charge of 1,528,037 overcoats, 935,010 sticks, and 1,300,515 umbrellas.

A PIUTE INDIAN shot a Chinaman in Nevada. The sheriff, when arresting the slayer, remarked he would probably have the pleasure of hanging him. "Oh, no," replied the noble red; "no hang Injun. Me heap a pay for him—me got horse."

AN Arizona editor describes a wedding in that Territory as follows: "The bride in white—the happy groom—the solemn minister—the smiling parents—and from twenty-five to forty shot guns standing against the wall ready for use—make up a panorama not soon forgotten."

THE Richmond *Whig* notes the celebration of the 138th birthday anniversary of Patrick Henry, the man who once made the shingles of old St. John's Church rattle when he said, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

J. EDGAR THOMPSON, who died recently, is reported to have been worth \$2,000,000; and on the decease of his wife his property is to be used in building and maintaining an asylum for the orphans of the Pennsylvania Railroad employees who may be killed while in the service of the company.

COLONEL HIGGINSON tells of a Boston man, who, hearing a Philadelphian remark that Boston would be a beautiful city if it were only laid out differently—like Philadelphia, for instance—replied: "Well, if Boston ever becomes as dead as Philadelphia, we will try to lay it out like that city."

THE Czar is about fifty-six years old, six feet high, has light whiskers and mustache, with a clean-shaven chin; his hair is cut short; his complexion is fair, and he has a good color. He is strongly built, without being fat. His manners are courteous, and he speaks English with perfect fluency and ease.

THE London *Times* man keeps ten correspondents in Paris, and has concluded an arrangement with the International Telegraph Company, in virtue of which it will be henceforward entitled to the exclusive use of a wire between Paris and Printing House Square, in return for an annual payment of £3,500.

FORTY THREE of the fifty-eight men under Secretary Richardson served in the war, and bear marks of hard service. Even now they are easily recognized by a green patch over the left eye, as well as by a peculiar oscillatory movement while walking, the result, probably, of the habit of dodging cannon-balls.

SENATOR MORTON has three sons—John M., Walter S., and Oliver T. The former is about twenty-five years of age, resides in California, and was recently married in Washington. The second, a lad of fifteen years, is attending school at Chester, Pa. It was Walter's recent illness, while spending his vacation in Washington, which kept his father from the Senate Chamber for several days. The youngest child is about twelve, and is the constant companion of his father.

A WASHINGTON correspondent, speaking of Nellie Grant's husband, says: "I found him a good-natured, amiable, reticent fellow, with a handsome but unimpeachable face. He appeared to be uninterested in the conversation going on around the board until one of the guests struck on a horse race that was soon to come off. Sartoris immediately opened up, showing that his great love was for the sports. He appeared to be well up in horse-racing, rowing, yachting, cock-fighting, cricket and baseball. He is a sort of Geoffrey Delamaine, and it is said of him that he can put the gloves on and get away with any of the boys at the gymnasium, from the professor down."





NEW ODD FELLOWS' HALL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



THE LATE ELDER JACOB KNAPP, THE REVIVALIST. PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARDY, BOSTON.

#### ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE new Odd Fellows' Temple, on West Main Street, Rochester, N. Y., which was completed in March last, is a fine evidence of the growth of this benevolent Order in the Empire State. On Monday, April 6th, the entire building was thrown open to the public, and a series of entertainments inaugurated which lasted throughout the week. Seth Green, the famous pisciculturist, was present, with twelve large aquariums, by the aid of which he illustrated the propagation and culture of fish. Hon. Schuyler Colfax, the author of the Degree of Rebekah, delivered a lecture in the Corinthian Hall, while in other parts a fair and festival was in progress.

The Temple is complete in all the requirements of the Order. The Lodge, Degree and Encampment Halls are models of comfort, adaptability and architectural taste.

#### HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

CONGRESSMAN JAS. A. GARFIELD, of Ohio, was born in Orange, Cuyahoga County that State, in 1831, and is forty-three years old. He was a graduate of Williams College, Massachusetts, and became a literary professor, only to become a lawyer. At Hiram, Ohio, he was in turn professor,

principal, and president of the Western Reserve Institute. He married there.

He twice represented his county in the State Senate, and in 1861, at the beginning of the war, he entered the Union army as a Colonel of Volunteers. He soon became a Brigadier-General, and after serving on staff in the Army of the Cumberland he was appointed a Major-General. Since 1865 he has been a member of Congress. He is now Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and is a rival of Mr. Dawes in debate. He is a ready speaker, and a steady committee worker. His speeches are usually interesting, because he has a facility for introducing speculations upon social subjects. In one which he recently delivered he critically spoke of the merits of newspaper editors in country and city, and drew forth much debate in the Press.

His remarks were the subject of an editorial article in this paper, on "Garfield on Journalism."

#### HUGH F. MACDERMOTT.

MR. MACDERMOTT, the nephew of a man who for thirty years was manager of the London Times, was born at Enniskillen, Ireland, in 1834. He received a classical education, and early in life he entered the office of the great New England journalist, Joseph Parker Buckingham, at Boston. In 1853 he went to San Francisco as agent for Adams & Co., and was a reporter on John Nugent's Herald, and afterwards on the Alta California. In that city he became the local dramatist. He made money, and returned to New York, where he became one of that famous band of Bohemians who lingered in the aroma of Platt's and called one another Arnold, Clapp, O'Brien and Shepherd. He was appointed to a position in the Custom House, but resigned it so that it might be occupied by a one-armed soldier. In 1870 he started the Jersey City Herald, a journal which is more frequently quoted for its political opinions than any other newspaper in his State. He has for two years been a political writer for the New York Tribune. He is



HON. JAMES A. GARFIELD, M. C.



WAGNER'S THEATRE, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT BAIREUTH, BAVARIA.

chiefly known outside his own city as a writer of songs and poems, some of which have been contributed to this journal. They are pathetic and sometimes sombre, but always marked by sweetness of expression and purity of sentiment. Many of them have been set to music without his name, and are sung the land over. Recently Oliver Wendell Holmes said that he wished he had a good voice, so that he might show how deeply he felt the influence of Macdermott's latest production, "Do not Sing that Song Again," which was originally printed in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and afterwards set to music by James G. Clarke. Macdermott's humorous poems are too classical for popular taste, and it is only in his political travesties that his humor has the flavor of its origin. In these he is as severe as his old taskmaster Buckingham, but unlike Buckingham, he is a man without an enemy.

#### ELDER JACOB KNAPP.

THIS celebrated revivalist, who died at his home in Rockford, Ill., March 3d, 1874, was born in Otsego County, N. Y., in 1799. Poverty was his schoolmaster. Early in youth his mind was greatly exercised on religion. His mother died when he was seventeen years old, and having no near friend to encourage him, he suffered, and was very poor, while trying to get an education. In the Summer months he labored on a farm. At Masonville he worked for his board. When nineteen, he joined the

Baptist Church, and began at once holding prayer-meetings in the neighborhood. His father offered to make him a farmer, but he preferred to study and preach. He walked one hundred and twenty-five miles having only twenty-five cents. In his twenty-second year he entered the Gilbertsville Academy, in his native county, and four years afterwards graduated from the Madison University, and immediately accepted a call from a Baptist Church in Springfield, N. Y. In that year (1825) he married Electa Payne, who survives him. He preached at Springfield five years, and three years at Watertown. After this he traveled and held revivals. He sold his farm and became an evangelist, depending on his preaching for support. His family suffered for



HUGH F. MACDERMOTT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOVEJOY, TRENTON.



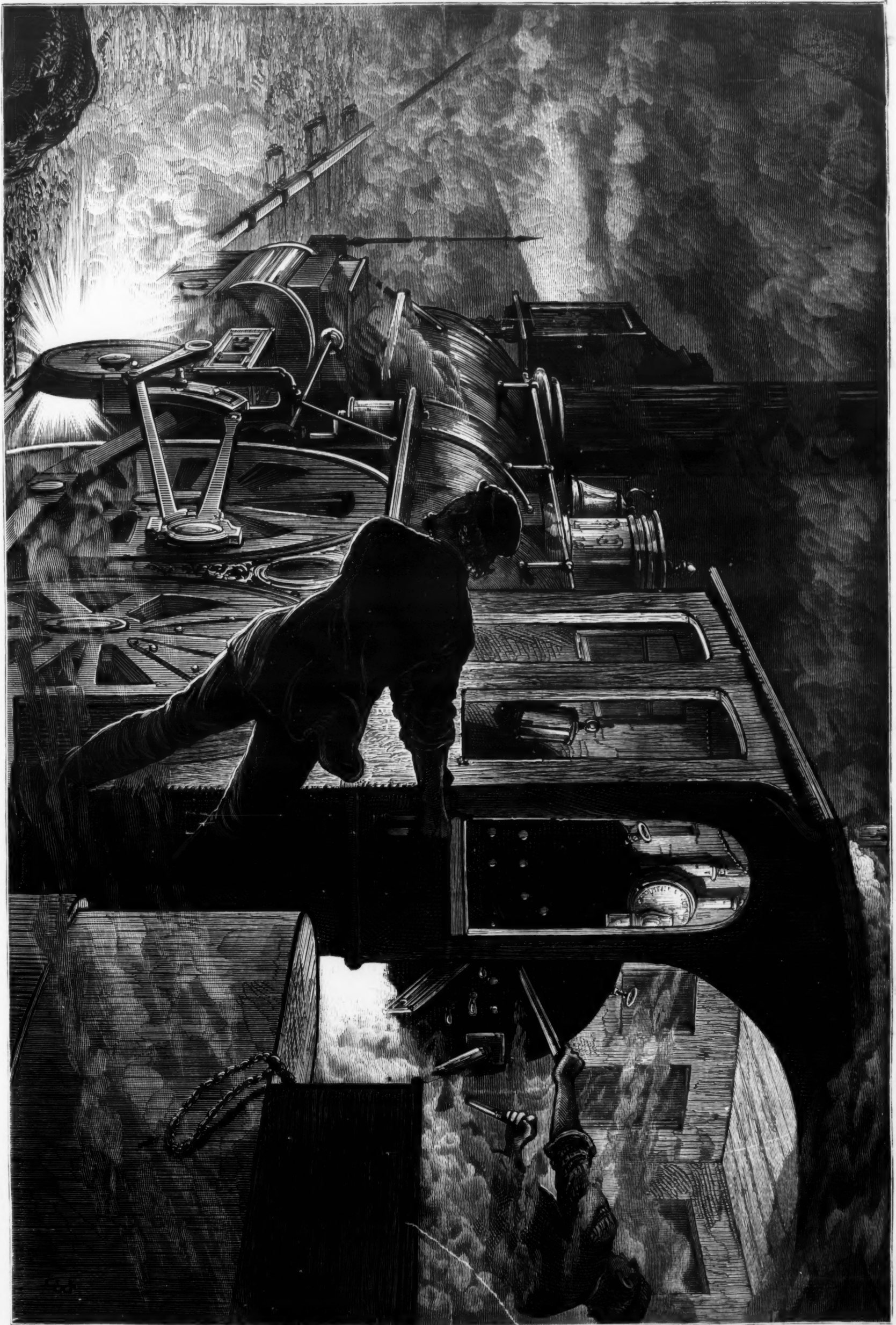
DELCAMBRE'S TYPE-SETTING MACHINE.—SEE PAGE 231.

food, his horse died, and his situation was truly deplorable. But from this time his preaching became powerful. Mobs surrounded him at Rochester, New Haven, Baltimore, and many other places. The founders of the Washingtonian temperance movement heard him in Baltimore, stopped drinking, and began a great and widespread reform. After holding meetings all over the country, from Maine to California, and ceasing to keep account after the number of his converts had reached 100,000, he ended his remarkable career at the age of seventy-five years.

#### WAGNER'S THEATRE IN BAVARIA.

ABOVE, we present a picture of Wagner's Theatre, which is building at Baireuth, in Bavaria, under the patronage of the King. The plucky musician has conquered many obstacles, and from failure and obscurity he has risen to success and fame, notwithstanding able and conscientious critics consider him a conceited pretender. One half of the musical world pronounce him, the greatest composer living, if not the greatest ever known, and the other half speak of him with the bitterest contempt. In spite of all this, his operas draw crowded houses, and they are increasing in popular favor throughout Europe and America. It was said a few months ago that his friends had become





DANGER SIGNAL ON THE ERIE RAILWAY.—THE TORPEDO.—DOWN BRAKES!—See Page 238.



disgusted with him, and that his boasted-of theatre in Baireuth would never be finished for want of money. This was untrue, however, and the prospect is that it will be finished by next Spring. The structure is a peculiar one, with a monster stage, and Wagnerian improvements never before introduced. The building seen in the illustration behind the theatre is to be used as an atelier by the artists. Further to the right is a column called *Niegethurm*, which was built last year in remembrance of the German victories in the recent war.

#### DANGER SIGNALS ON THE ERIE RAILWAY.

UNTIL the invention of the railway signal torpedo, considerable difficulty was found in stopping trains during a storm or heavy fog in case of sudden danger; but now it is only necessary to place one of these contrivances on the track, and the engineer will immediately stop the train. In shape, they resemble a large covered button, and they are fastened to the rail with a sheet-iron spring which claps the flange. Our illustration represents a torpedo exploding on the Erie Railway, near Port Jervis, and the engineer in the act of applying his air-brake—the most powerful brake invented for stopping trains.

#### TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

MANY times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with trouble of the breast, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctors separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder; and while they are thus only able perhaps to palliate for a time, they are ignorant of the cause, and encourage their practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patients are no better in the end, but probably worse for the delay, treatment, and other complications made, and which a proper medicine directed to the cause would have entirely removed, thereby instituting health and comfort instead of prolonged misery.

FROM MISS LORINDA E. ST. CLAIR, Shade, Athens Co., O., October 14, 1872:

"DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Favorite Prescription is working almost like a miracle on me. I am better already than I have been for over two years."

FROM ELLA A. SCHAEFFER, Baneville, Ind, August 23, 1872:

"DR. PIERCE.—I received the medicine you sent me, and began using it immediately. As a result of the treatment, I feel better than I have for three years."

THE BOY DIVER; OR, CORA THE NET-MAKER, will soon be commenced in the New York Weekly. Girls and boys should not fail to read it.

MONTE CRISTO CIGAR MANUFACTORY.—POLAKSKI & GUERRA, Manufacturers and Importers of Fine Havana Cigars. We guarantee entire satisfaction in quality and price of goods. Samples sent to all parts, C. O. D., with privilege to examine. POLAKSKI & GUERRA, 83 William Street, N. Y. 976-87

GENTLEMEN about leaving the city for pleasure excursions should not neglect to provide themselves with convenient materials for amusement. In the warehouses of ALBERT C. KICK, No. 32 Park Row, will be found Sporting Goods for every latitude: Needles, Fish Hooks, Tackle, Guns, Revolvers, and other necessities of Summer relaxation. The assortment is so full that there is no difficulty in obtaining any desired article.

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Is that sewing-machine which I can use for hours together without injury, and which turns out the best work with the least trouble. The testimony of ladies is decisive on this point, and overwhelmingly in favor of the "Wilcox & Gibbs" sewing-machine. 977-80

#### FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES

AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is in every case infallible, and for his celebrated COMEDON and PIMPLE REMEDY, the great SKIN MEDICINE for Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh Worms; or consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond Street, New York. 968-80

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May be raised or lowered to suit any person or purpose, and be folded and packed away in a moment. To ladies, in cutting and baking, it is invaluable, obviating the necessity of the lap-board. To invalids and children it is both a comfort and a luxury, and for writing, games, &c., is the best table in use. Price, No. 1, \$6; No. 2, \$8; No. 3, \$10; No. 4, \$15—difference in price owing to embellishment and finish. Shipped to any address on receipt of price, or C. O. D. Circulars sent on application.

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## The Traveler's Guide.

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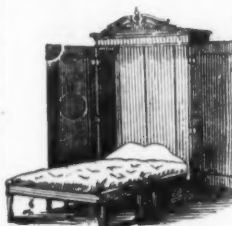
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Tickets can be had at the office on the dock; also at 944 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; and Baggage checked to destination. Freight received until the hour of departure.

## THE SINGER SEWING MACHINES.

Statistics of Sworn Sales for 1873.

The Singer Manufacturing Company SOLD 232,444 MACHINES.

|                                |             |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| WHEELER & WILSON MFG Co., Sold | 119,190     |
| DOMESTIC S. M. Co.,            | 49,114      |
| GROVER & BAKER S. M. Co.,      | 36,179      |
| WILCOX S. M. Co.,              | 21,769      |
| WILSON S. M. Co.,              | 21,347      |
| HOWE S. M. Co.,                | No returns. |
| COLD MEDAL S. M. Co.,          | 16,431      |
| WILCOX & GIBBS S. M. Co.,      | 15,881      |
| AMERICAN R. H. Co.,            | 14,182      |
| B. P. HOWE S. M. Co.,          | 13,919      |
| REMINGTON EMPIRE S. M. Co.,    | 9,183       |
| FLORENCE S. M. Co.,            | 8,960       |
| DAVIS S. M. Co.,               | 8,861       |
| VICTOR S. M. Co.,              | 7,446       |
| ELMER S. M. Co.,               | 7,438       |
| SEWELL S. M. Co.,              | 3,430       |
| ETNA, J. E. BRAYNSDORF & Co.,  | 3,081       |
| BARTRAM & FANTON,              | 1,000       |
| CENTENNIAL S. M. Co.,          | 514         |
| KEYSTONE S. M. Co.,            | 217         |

## SEWING MACHINE SALES OF 1873.

The Table of Sewing Machine Sales for 1873 shows that our sales last year amounted to 232,444 (two hundred and thirty-two thousand four hundred and forty-four) Machines, being a large increase over the sales of the previous year (1872).

The table also shows that our sales exceed those of any other Company, for the period named, by the number of 113,254 Machines, or nearly double those of any other Company.

It may be further stated that the sales of 1873, as compared with those of 1872, show a relatively larger increase, beyond the sales of other makers, than of any other year. For instance, in 1872 we sold 45,000 more Machines than any other Company, whereas, in 1873, the sales were

113,254 Machines in Excess of our Highest Competitor.

These figures are all the more remarkable, for the reason that the sales of the principal Companies in 1873 are LESS THAN THEIR SALES IN 1872; whereas, as has been shown, OUR SALES HAVE LARGELY INCREASED.

The account of sales is from sworn returns made to the owners of the Sewing Machine Patents.

It will hardly be denied that the superiority of the SINGER MACHINES is fully demonstrated—at all events, that their popularity in the household is unquestionable.

The Singer Manufacturing Company, 977-78 - 34 Union Square, New York.

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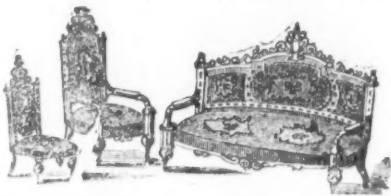


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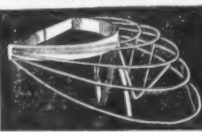
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